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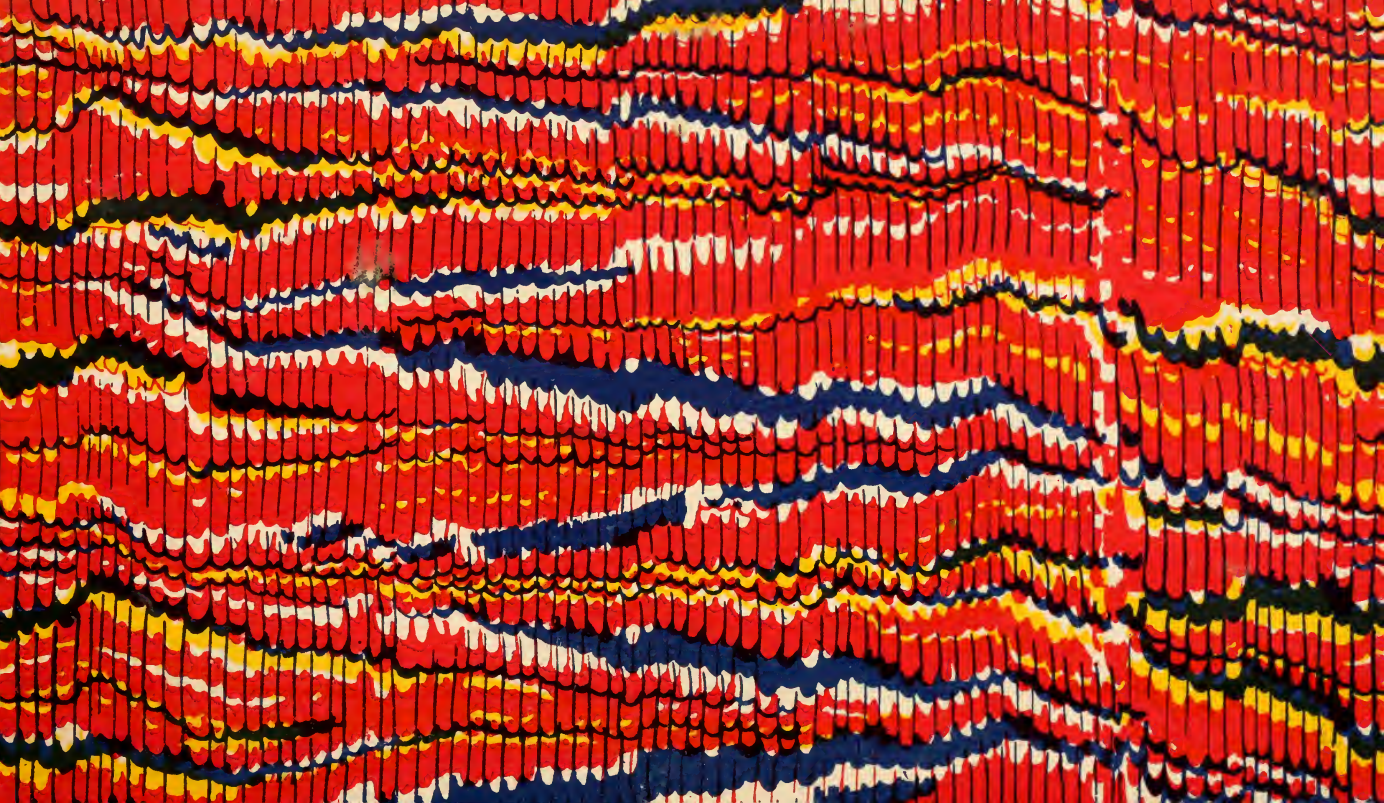

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With Columbus In America. (A Novel from the German.)

of C. Falkenhorst.

By Elise L. Lathrop.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

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ENTRANCE OF COLUMBUS INTO PALOS.

WITH COLUMBUS

IN

AMERICA

A Novel

BY

C. FALKENHORST

ADAPTED BY ÉLISE L. LATHROP

ILLUSTRATED

NEW YORK
WORTHINGTON COMPANY
747 BROADWAY
1892

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WITH COLUMBUS IN AMERICA.

I.

On a sunny August afternoon in the year 1473* two men might have been seen strolling slowly along the Rua Direita de São Francisco in Lisbon. It was very hot, the sun beat down upon the pavement, the trees looked parched and dusty, while the streets were almost deserted. The two men had chosen the shady side of this particular street, but even here the heat was intense, scarcely a breath of air was stirring; it seemed almost too warm to speak, and they walked on, merely occasionally exchanging a remark.

There was sufficient resemblance between the two for any close observer at once to pronounce them brothers, but the shorter and younger appeared almost insignificant at the side of the elder;

* The dates in this work have been compared with Fiske. —Adapter.

the latter, evidently of recent arrival in the city, for his appearance was somewhat travel-stained, was tall and broad-shouldered; his fine figure and magnificent carriage would attract attention at all times. His naturally fair complexion was sunburned and bronzed, his eyes large, blue, and piercing, but softened by the kindly, genial expression of the mouth. Although only thirty-five or thereabouts, his hair, which he wore rather long, was snowy white, adding not a little to the general picturesqueness of his appearance.

As they strolled leisurely on, they drew near a chapel, whose bells were ringing for vespers. Through the open doors could be seen a cool, dark interior, most inviting after the hot, dusty thoroughfare.

Involuntarily both brothers halted.

"What sayest thou, shall we not go in, Bartolomeo?" said the elder. "It will be cooler after vespers are over, and there is really no reason why we should hurry to your home."

"Agreed," said the younger, and they entered the chapel.

The dim light was most refreshing after the glare outside. The chapel, an ordinary edifice, differing little from scores of similar ones in the country round, although not large, was lofty, and

built in the true Gothic style. The excessive heat seemed to have affected both choristers and priests, for they droned through the service in a most sleep-inducing manner. There were but few worshippers, and the greater part of these women, whose attention wandered sadly from the service. But no, one exception should be made. On the other side of the church, slightly in front of the two brothers, knelt two figures, both women, the younger a slight, beautiful girl clad all in soft, filmy white, except for the black lace mantilla fastened about her head. Her dress and general appearance indicated that she belonged to the upper class or nobility. More than one pair of eyes rested in admiration upon her, but she seemed wholly unconscious of this. Her head was bowed devoutly, and, with eyes fixed upon the ground, she told the beads of her rosary as earnestly as though she were alone in her own room. The elder man seemed positively bewitched: he could scarcely take his eyes from the fair unknown, and yet he could catch but a glimpse of her face, merely the pure, regular profile and outline of a slender, unusually graceful figure. The eyes, as said, were lowered; he could see the long, dark lashes resting upon her cheeks.

Meanwhile the other brother—he addressed as

Bartolomeo—seemed no less preoccupied, and paid as little attention to the service as his elder companion. But it was no fair maiden who so enchained his attention. His features, larger and of a sterner mould than his brother's, were contracted in a frown of intense thought. His eyes, clear and piercing, gazed straight before him, but it is doubtful if he noticed any of his surroundings.

At length the service was at an end, and the congregation prepared to depart. The slight young girl with her companion, a stout, plainly dressed lady of middle age, passed directly in front of the two brothers, the girl with eyes demurely lowered.

But just at this moment, O fortunate chance, a rose which had been fastened in the bosom of her gown fell to the pavement; without noticing this, she would have passed on, but the man's keen blue eyes had perceived it, and, stooping hastily, he picked up the rose, almost before it had touched the ground, and held it out to the girl with a "Pardon, señorita."

She started slightly, raising a pair of magnificent dark eyes to his; dark, I said—fairly black were they, but soft as velvet, lustrous and sparkling, shaded by long, curling lashes, while above them arched delicately pencilled eyebrows. She

gazed at him for a moment as if fascinated, while a slight flush rose to her pale face as she took the rose, with a grave inclination of the head. Meanwhile the girl's companion, not noticing this little incident, had passed on, and, although the whole had occupied but a few seconds, was now several paces ahead. Suddenly she turned. "Felipa, where art thou?" she cried, as, after making some casual remark, she perceived that the girl was no longer at her side. At this Felipa hastened to rejoin her, not without casting another glance at the distinguished-looking stranger.

The younger brother apparently had been too deeply absorbed in his own thoughts to notice this little scene, and only as they reached the street, and the elder started in the direction taken by the two ladies, did he lay a detaining hand upon his arm, exclaiming: "Why, Cristoforo, whither art thou going? Hast thou so soon forgotten the direction which we must take? For one so skilled in guiding a ship through the stormy, pathless seas, methinks thou showest strange confusion as to the points of the compass."

With a slight laugh, Cristoforo turned, and the two brothers walked off in the opposite direction. After they had proceeded a short distance in silence, Cristoforo turned and gazed after the fair

lady with the rose, but she and her companion were already out of sight.

"So the fair maiden's name is Felipa!" he murmured to himself.

"What sayest thou, brother?" asked the younger.

"Nothing, nothing. I find the habit of soliloquy grows upon me, perchance from my wandering life; for I have found few friends in all my thirty-seven years, Bartolomeo. But now a truce to this; dost thou—or—say, pray tell me, art thou in the habit of frequenting the little chapel we have just left?"

The younger brother stared at him in surprise. "In truth, no. I have seldom set foot in it; it is a long walk from my abode. Why, wast thou so charmed with it? I must fain admit that my thoughts wandered sadly while the holy father intoned the brief service."

"Oh, 'tis of no consequence; 'twas but an idle question. What thinkest thou, my brother—for thou hast evaded answering my question until now—can I find sufficient employment here in the fair city of Lisbon to provide me with clothes for my back, and meat and drink for my stomach, to say nothing of a roof over my head? My store of coin is indeed but small," he added, drawing out

a purse containing a couple of gold pieces and some smaller coins.

"But in what wouldest thou engage thyself, brother Cristoforo?" asked the younger, hesitatingly.

"In what!" repeated the elder, in surprise. "In what occupation should I, save in map-making, draughting, copying, or the like? Thou knowest well that I am competent for such work——"

"Yes, yes," interposed the other; "but is it possible that thou art willing to settle down to such a life after thy many adventurous voyages? Why, methought thy last voyage with the noble lords Santarem and Escobar had filled thee with ambition to pursue thine explorations yet further in this much talked-of search for a water route to the Indies. There are, besides, many opportunities for so good a sailor in our good port: vessels for England, Holland, all ports of the world, leave it. Wouldest thou not do better to seek thy fortunes with them?"

"No, Bartolomeo, no; I am weary of a roving life. I will live in quiet and peace until such time as the longing for the sea come upon me with too great force. Speak not of the noble lords Santarem and Escobar to me! Thou hast heard the result of that voyage. Who knows what

might have been learned could we but have pushed farther on? Already we had gone farther than ever had been done before; but no, sailors were weary, and my lords Santarem and Escobar fully satisfied with the one bit of news they could report, that the coast of Africa turned and trended southward at such and such a latitude. Fine news, this!" he continued mockingly. "How far different might it have been! No, never will I set out again on such a voyage under the authority of such great lords. *I* would be the one to determine when to retrace our path, *I;* and when is it probable that I, a poor draughtsman, sailor, copyist, what you will, can command my own ship? So for the present let me remain here in Lisbon. And now for an answer to my question, Bartolomeo: dost thou think it probable that I shall be able to earn enough to satisfy my few wants?"

The younger man smiled.

"There are always maps to be made and copying to be done in this fair city, brother; and such work as thine will surely be always in demand, and yet—however, we will see. I misdoubt me if such a quiet, uneventful life will long satisfy thee —but of this later. How didst thou leave our revered father, our brother Giacomo and our sister? Is the new home in Savona a pleasant one?"

"Our beloved father is well in body; would that I could say the same of his fortunes," replied Cristoforo, smiling slightly. "He is full of hope that they will soon mend and prosper, if not in the weaving trade, then through the tavern; but as yet neither has brought him in much. Of our sister's marriage thou hast heard ere this. Her husband seems a thrifty, honest fellow, and sincerely attached to her. He keeps our father faithfully supplied with cheese, both for his own use and for his guests in the tavern, which latter is no great tax upon him, as you may imagine. Giacomo is apprenticed to a man in the town, and seems an industrious lad. Our father spoke thankfully of the money which thou continuest to send him from time to time. I fear me thou hast sadly stinted thyself, my brother."

With this and other chat, the two made their way to the older, shabbier part of the town, where in a narrow side street of old houses whose lower floors served as shops for all kinds of goods, from everything required by a sailor to those common necessaries of life, they paused before a house differing but slightly from its neighbors, and ascended the first flight of stairs. On a door at the head of the flight was fixed a small sign, bearing the inscription:

BARTOLOMEO COLOMBO.
MAPS ACCURATELY AND NEATLY MADE.
COPYING DONE.

The younger brother opened the door and led the way into an apartment of medium size with two windows, near one of which stood a table heaped with pens, inks, papers, compasses, etc. The room was plainly, even scantily furnished, but the walls were covered with maps of all the then known portions of the globe. Strange enough would these maps appear to our modern eyes. The entire ocean west of Africa was lettered "Sea of Darkness;" and a veritable sea of darkness it was to the mariners of that time.

Bartolomeo threw open the door of an inner apartment serving as bedroom, and exclaimed: "Here thou seest my home, Cristoforo. It is humble enough, but such as it is thou art more than welcome to share it for such time as thou art content here. To-morrow we will see what can be done for thee. Meanwhile thou must be tired from thy long journey." And so speaking, Bartolomeo was passing from one room to the other, and in a few minutes both brothers sat down to their frugal supper.

Meanwhile the fair Felipa and her companion, her mother, had walked slowly homeward.

"Why wast thou lingering so far behind me, child?" said her mother, after they had proceeded for some distance in silence.

"I—I dropped something, mother," faltered Felipa, somewhat abashed. Then with sudden animation and resolve, she asked: "Didst thou see the tall, noble-looking stranger, mother? He came out of the chapel directly behind us, and picked up the rose I dropped and handed it to me with such grace and a high-born air! O mother, from his looks he might be a great lord, and yet he was but shabbily dressed. But didst thou see him, mother?"

"Felipa, Felipa, thou shouldest be paying attention to the services of our holy Church, and not casting thine eyes around and paying attention to strange men. Fie, my daughter, I am ashamed of thee."

"But, indeed, mother, it was not during vespers that I saw him, not until we were coming out—but tell me, didst thou see him? His hair was white, mother, quite white, although he is surely not old."

"Nay, Felipa, I noticed no such person," replied her mother, smiling slightly. "Probably it was some stranger from a newly arrived ship—a sailor, perchance."

"Sailor! O mother!" repeated Felipa, in scorn. "This man is surely no sailor." But her mother evinced no desire to pursue the subject further, so the girl said no more; but nevertheless she did not cease to think of the handsome man with the winning smile, and, even if the truth must be told, her attention did wander at matins and vespers, which she daily attended at the little chapel; but in spite of all her cautious glances, she did not see him there again for some time, and was beginning to fancy that perhaps she never would, when her wish was one day gratified in the most unexpected manner.

Perhaps a week later, there was a knock at the door of the modest apartments occupied by the mother and daughter. Felipa, busy with some lacework taught her by the nuns at the convent school which she attended, hastened to open the door, and started back in the greatest surprise, quite speechless with amazement, for there on the threshold stood the white-haired stranger, and, looking scarcely less amazed than herself, inquired for Señora Isabella de Perestrelo. Scarcely could little Felipa recover her composure sufficiently to ask him to be seated. Then hurrying into another room, where her mother was busy about various little household duties, she went close up

to her, and announced in a breathless whisper: "He is in there, mother—the man whom I saw in the chapel—dost thou remember?—and he asked for thee by name: 'Señora Isabella de Perestrelo,' he said."

At first her mother looked a trifle dazed, as it is doubtful if she had given the subject of her daughter's enthusiastic praise a second thought since the day now nearly a week past. At length she seemed to recall him, however, and looked quite as surprised as her daughter had expected.

"Art thou sure thou hast not misunderstood him, Felipa? But, no, that is scarcely possible. Did he say what is his business?"

"No, mother—I—think not," said Felipa, hesitatingly, not caring to own that she had scarcely given him time for this. Almost as curious as her daughter, the señora smoothed her hair before a tiny mirror, and entered the small sitting-room, where she found the stranger absorbed in the contemplation of a map which hung on the wall, and represented the island of Porto Santo, discovered, or, to speak more correctly, rediscovered barely sixty years before.

So absorbed was he, in fact, that he did not notice her presence until she had given a little admonishing cough. Then he turned quickly enough,

and asked her pardon, in fluent Portuguese, which yet had a slight accent.

"Am I speaking to Señora Isabella de Perestrelo?" he asked.

The lady bowed.

"I am Cristoforo Colombo, and am sent by my brother Bartolomeo, who received word that you wished some copies of maps and charts made."

"Yes. I have some maps which belonged to my dead husband. I am unwilling to part with them," said Isabella de Perestrelo, "but wish some copies made, that I may give them to my son-in-law. Bartolomeo Colombo was recommended to me as a careful and good draughtsman, and accordingly I sent word to him. You are his brother, you say?"

"His elder brother, señora."

"Have you been long in Lisbon, may I ask, sir?"

"About a week," replied Cristoforo Colombo.

"So short a time as that! You seemed interested in yonder map," said she, pointing to the map which has been mentioned.

"Yes, in truth I am. It is the first time I have seen such a carefully drawn and apparently accurate map of that island. Never having been there, although I have passed it several times, I was interested in it. It belongs to you, señora, I suppose?"

"Yes. Our home, in fact, is there. My husband —you must have heard of him—Bartolomeo Perestrelo——"

"Indeed I have. Who has not heard of that brave navigator, who is, besides, a countryman of mine?"

"Ah, then you are an Italian? Fluent as is your Portuguese, I yet suspected that you were not a native of Portugal."

"I was born in Genoa, señora; and although but little of my life has been spent in the sunny land of Italy, as I have led a roving life, I may yet call it my country. But was not your husband governor of Porto Santo?"

"He was until his death, now sixteen years ago," said the lady, pressing her hand to her eyes in rather affected emotion. "He served his prince faithfully, but it is a proof of the ingratitude of princes that such a clever, noble, upright man should die, leaving his dear wife and daughter nothing but a farm upon this island, and a few old maps and charts. Felipa is my only child, for I was my husband's second wife; and the son-in-law of whom I spoke is in reality but the husband of my step-daughter. Ah, times are very different from what they were. Little did I think when young, living here in Lisbon, in my father's house,

a gay young thing, with every wish indulged, that I would end my days on a lonely farm on an island far, far from dear Lisbon!"

"Then your home is on this island?" asked Columbus, whom the widow's loquacity seemed not to weary in the least, although he did glance in the direction in which the pretty daughter had disappeared, as if hoping that she would reappear.

"Our home, yes; but for two years we have lived here in Lisbon. I had some small savings, and, poor as we are, my Felipa must have the education befitting a Señorita Moñez de Perestrelo," said the mother, uttering these names with no small pride. "Her relations too have realized this necessity, although little enough will they do for her, for she is far prettier than all the maidens of the other Perestrelo families, although I her mother do say it. She has attended the convent school of Nossa Senhora de Graca," she continued, "but in a few months we shall return." Then bethinking herself that she had wandered sadly from the object of their interview, she added somewhat hurriedly: "But as to the maps—do you wish to see them, or is your brother unable to undertake the work?"

"My brother has all that he can do at present,

but sent me in his stead. I have had no little experience in map-drawing, and should be pleased to try my skill with these. Perhaps you would like to see some specimens of my work——"

"Oh, no," said the señora, upon whom the stranger's courteous and affable manners—his handsome appearance as well, perhaps—had made no little impression. "I am sure if one so highly spoken of as your brother seems to be on all sides, should send you as his substitute, your work will be excellent."

Columbus bowed in silent acknowledgment.

"I will bring the maps I wish copied," said she; then raising her voice, she called: "Felipa, Felipa!" Then as the girl appeared in the doorway, she gave her some directions and her daughter disappeared, returning in a few minutes with several well-worn charts.

"My daughter, Felipa," said the lady, by way of introduction, "Señor Colombo."

Felipa courtesied shyly, flushing deeply, while Columbus gazed at her with a look of intense admiration.

The maps were deposited upon a table, and Columbus bent over them with deep interest.

"It is of these four that my son-in-law wishes copies made," said Isabella Perestrelo, designating

four of the most worn. "And this was the reason why I wished to speak with you—or your brother, rather. I am unwilling to send them out of the house, and am anxious to know if you would be willing to make the copies here."

To this Columbus agreed more readily than she had perhaps expected; and after the price to be paid upon completion of the work had been agreed upon, the following morning was appointed for him to begin. In the morning, Felipa would be safe at the convent, from which she did not return until quite late in the afternoon. A few more remarks were exchanged, and Columbus took his departure.

"Is he not handsome, mother? Is it not as I said? Didst thou notice his eyes? Such magnificent blue eyes, mother, blue as the sky!" cried Felipa, almost before he was out of hearing.

"He is a man of agreeable manners, and not ill-looking, certainly, my child; but it is unbecoming that thou shouldst speak of him thus. He is of a different rank from thee, Felipa. Never forget that thou belongest, through both thy father and me, to two noble families. Why, my child, I have been to court in my young days; and thy father was governor, child, governor of Porto Santo."

"And yet he was but a navigator at first, mother," replied Felipa, pouting.

"He was governor when I married him, Felipa," replied her mother, serenely. "But enough of this; it is time that we should make ready for vespers. Fetch your rosary, child, and do not let your mind be so occupied with this Colombo, whom thou hast seen but twice, and will probably never see again."

At this thought Felipa looked a trifle disconcerted, but hastened to rejoin her mother, and the two went, as usual, to the little chapel for vespers.

II.

The next morning, and for several succeeding mornings, Columbus was on hand punctually, and set to work diligently at map-copying. In vain did he hope to see the fair Felipa, he was invariably admitted by the señora, who frequently came in and chatted with him. She gave him long and detailed accounts of their life upon Porto Santo during her husband's life, and even mingled girlish reminiscences of her own life in Lisbon. To much of this chat Columbus listened with interest, but from his manner no one could fancy that it was not all highly entertaining. He was quiet and rather reticent, himself, but was occasionally drawn into relating some of his own early experiences. He told her of his mother, his father, and brothers, and even diffidently referred to his many adventures, for his life had been an eventful one.

He did in fact seem to have won the señora's heart; she talked more and more freely to him, she even brought him cool, refreshing drinks. But

all these interruptions did not prevent the work from steadily advancing, and at last came the time when one more morning's work, and the maps would be completed.

Columbus had said but little to his brother Bartholomew about his work. The younger brother knew nothing about the Señora Perestrelo. He had merely been notified that some copying of maps was to be done, and had been asked if he would do it. As he had quite an amount of work on hand, and was anxious to give his brother some, he had sent him to find out particulars. But not a word had Columbus said to his brother of pretty Felipa, or that the mother and daughter had proved to be the very couple he had seen in church. However, it was doubtful if Bartholomew would have remembered the girl, or even if he had noticed her at all.

This anticipated last morning of work was to prove very different from what Columbus had thought. On this Friday morning, a trifle later than usual, Columbus knocked at the Señora Perestrelo's door; but to his great surprise it was opened not by the buxom señora, but by none other than slight, pretty Felipa, and unusually pretty did she look, somewhat paler than upon the other two occasions when he had seen her.

She courtesied demurely as she admitted him, but vanished almost immediately afterward into the adjoining room.

Columbus had worked for perhaps an hour when the door of this room was hastily opened, and Felipa hurried in, pale, breathless, and, forgetting all her shyness, went close up to the table where the señor was working. "O señor," she cried, "I am so frightened; my mother——"

She paused and gazed up into his face appealingly.

"What is it, señorita?" said he, springing up.

"She is ill—oh, she must be very ill. She complained of not feeling well this morning, and that is why I stayed home from the convent, but she felt better—she was sewing—and now—oh, what shall I do!" she cried, wringing her hands and looking prettier than ever.

"Is she really ill?—do you not want a physician called?—can I not be of some assistance?—pray call upon me in any way," all this in one breath, quite a remarkable achievement for reserved Christopher Columbus.

"Oh, if you could—but indeed it is too much—and yet there is no one but old Maria, and she is so slow, if she would go, she is cross——"

"Señorita, if you would like me to go for a

doctor, assuredly I will go. Will you give me the address?"

"Oh, I do not know of any one. Mother has never, never been ill like this—ah, it is so kind in you, Señor Colombo, if you would bring some one——"

"Señorita Felipa, a doctor shall be here as soon as I can possibly find one, and that will surely not be long. But do not be so alarmed; it can be nothing serious; the señora your mother seemed well yesterday; it may be but a passing faintness. Do not frighten yourself needlessly. I will go at once," and taking up his hat he left the room.

Felipa hastened back to her mother's side. Señora Perestrelo lay back in a large arm-chair, panting for breath, with closed eyes. Her daughter knelt down beside her, chafed her hands, and called her by all sorts of endearing names, but was wholly ignorant of any remedies to use. But almost before she had thought it possible, slow as every moment yet seemed to her, Columbus had returned with a physician, a grave, elderly man, whose very appearance was reassuring. He went up to the señora, felt her pulse, and then, opening a small bag which he had brought with him, took out a vial. "Bring me a glass of water, please,"

said he to Felipa—his first remark of any kind since he had entered the house.

The girl hurriedly fetched it. He dropped a dark liquid into it, and with a spoon forced some of the mixture between the señora's lips. It had a speedy effect; she sat up and opened her eyes, gazing about her in bewilderment.

"Are you better, mother? O dear mother, are you better?" cried Felipa, anxiously.

"Hush! do you wish to make your mother worse, child?" said the physician, but not unkindly. "Run into the other room"—but Felipa gazed at him so piteously that he relented and added, "unless you will be very quiet; then you may stay."

Felipa was quiet as a mouse, and scarcely stirred until her mother herself spoke and called her to her.

"I am better now, my child; you must not be frightened."

"Yes, yes, certainly not," added Dr. Lopez. "The heat has been a little too much for your mother, señorita; that is all. I will come in again this afternoon. Keep the señora perfectly quiet, and that is all, except——" here he added some simple directions about the drops to be administered, and left the room.

In the adjoining apartment waited Columbus. He joined the physician and followed him to the door. "Is the señora really very ill?" he asked.

Dr. Lopez glanced at him. "A relative?" he asked.

"Not the slightest," replied Columbus.

"Hm! well—no, she is not ill now; her heart is affected, however. Good-morning," and he was gone.

Columbus stood there rather uncertain what to do next. He did not wish to leave the house without proffering his assistance; he hardly liked to resume his work, and yet did not think it advisable to knock at the other room door and disturb the sick woman. So he stood there irresolute, mechanically staring at the various maps. In ten minutes or so the door opened noiselessly and Felipa appeared. Closing it carefully behind her she went up to Columbus.

"O señor, let me thank you; what should I have done had it not been for your kindness? I am so very, very thankful to you."

"Pray say nothing of it; it was nothing. I am glad that I could help you. Is Señora Perestrelo feeling better now?"

"She is asleep," said Felipa. "She looks better and she is sleeping naturally. Oh, you do not

think she is very ill, surely. The doctor said it was nothing; the heat, perhaps."

"Yes, yes, most probably. The heat has been intense for so many days. But can I be of no further assistance to you? Can I not find some one to stay with you and help you with your mother——" He paused abruptly, fearing lest he might unnecessarily alarm pretty, frightened Felipa.

"No, oh no, there is nothing more that you can do. I need no one. If mother should be ill—but, oh, you do not think that she will!—I should wish to take care of her myself."

"Doubtless she will be quite herself again by to-morrow. I think we may have cooler weather, the wind is changing," he added, glancing at the slowly moving clouds. "But, señorita, it will inconvenience you to have me working here. I will postpone finishing the map, and, if you will permit, will call this evening and inquire for your mother."

"Thank you," said Felipa, neither assenting nor dissenting, although she shyly offered her hand.

"Art thou not home early to-day, brother?" asked Bartholomew, looking up from his work.

"Yes, a trifle, perhaps," said Christopher.

"Señora Perestrelo was ill, so I left early. The maps are nearly finished. A couple of hours' work will be sufficient to complete them."

Nothing more was said upon the subject until in the early evening, when, as it had become somewhat cooler, Bartholomew suggested to his brother to take a stroll along the river, perhaps even go for a row if they should feel inclined. To his great surprise, however, Christopher declined somewhat confusedly.

"I have an errand which I must attend to first," said he. "Suppose thou shouldst wait for me at the little inn where we met last week. Then I will join thee there in a short time."

Bartholomew looked at him in surprise. "I will go with thee to attend to thy errand. I suppose it will not take thee long, eh?"

"Oh, that is not worth while. It would be out of thy way. Thou must be tired after thy long day's work, and this hot walk will only unnecessarily fatigue thee. It will be best for thee to wait for me as I proposed."

There was something in Christopher's tone, although most cordial, which discouraged further argument on Bartholomew's part, so with a shrug of his shoulders he allowed his brother to go his own way.

"Curious fellow, what can he have in mind now?" he thought, as he strolled slowly toward the appointed rendezvous.

Christopher Columbus meanwhile turned in the opposite direction and, walking quickly, was soon in front of the house in which Señora Perestrelo and her daughter lived. Having knocked at their door, after a moment's delay it was opened a crack by Felipa. She flushed shyly.

"Oh, it is you, Señor Colombo."

"Yes, señorita; and how is the señora your mother this evening."

"Thank you so much, I am sure she is better; she is sleeping quietly. Oh yes, she will soon be well."

"I must not keep you from her side, I suppose," said Columbus, most unselfishly, "but I will do myself the pleasure to call again to-morrow and inquire for her; and if I can do anything for you, or serve you in any way," he added somewhat diffidently, "will you not send for me?" and he handed her a paper upon which was written his name and address.

The young girl thanked him with a smile, as she took the paper, and followed him with her eyes until his tall figure was lost to sight on the dark staircase; then she hurried back to her

mother's side. She found to her surprise that she was awake.

"Whom wast thou speaking with, Felipa?" asked she feebly.

"The señor Colombo, mother. He came to inquire for thee. He was so kind this morning! I do not know what I should have done had it not been for him. He ran for a physician and——"

"Yes, yes, my child." Then after a long pause she asked, even more faintly, "Has he finished the maps?"

Felipa started from her revery. "Yes—no—I—he said he had a little more to do, but that he would wait until you were better. Is not that right, mother dear?"

"Very well."

III.

For several days Columbus daily called to inquire for Señora Perestrelo, and one morning Felipa opened the door wide, with a radiant face, and ushered him in, saying:

"You must come in, señor; mother is up—she is well to-day."

And there, ensconced in a large arm-chair, sat the señora, a trifle pale, perhaps, but looking quite her usual self. She received him most cordially, invited him to be seated, and chatted with him briskly. Felipa meanwhile seated herself in a low chair, busy with some delicate work, only occasionally participating in the conversation. After some minutes, Columbus mentioned the mapmaking, and asked whether he should finish them this morning. But Señora Perestrelo demurred, and asked him if possible to come the next day. However, she seemed in no hurry to be rid of him, but detained him on one pretext or another until the morning had nearly passed. She

THE TWO SLAVES BEFORE MARCHENA.

dismissed him most affably, and Felipa gave him a bewitching smile.

Upon the following morning he appeared quite early and was received by the señora alone. He finished the maps this day without interruption, and also without catching a glimpse of Felipa. But to his great surprise, after having received the price agreed upon, the señora said to him: "I have noticed that you seemed greatly interested in this map," designating a particular one; "and if you care to possess a copy sufficiently to take the trouble of making one, you are welcome to it. Come some morning and make it."

He thanked her warmly, and was in fact delighted to own a copy of the map, and after a few polite phrases took leave. He walked slowly along the street, but had just reached the corner where he was to turn in a different direction, when, a short distance ahead, he perceived a young girl whom several rough boys were evidently annoying. One was apparently begging for a kiss, and the others encouraging him noisily.

He hurried up to the group, and to his surprise discovered that the girl was none other than Felipa, in a state of the greatest distress, her eyes dilated with f ight.

"Why, señorita, is it indeed you?"

"Señor Colombo! Ah, I am so glad!" and she clung to his arm with childish confidence.

Her tormentors scattered at once, and Columbus turned and walked with her in the direction of her home.

"I was so frightened—I am not used to going out alone—but Barbara did not come for me, you see; usually I come home with Maria Parlo and her old nurse, but to-day I could not leave mother alone all day, and Barbara was to come for me; but I waited and waited until I was afraid that something had happened——"

"I can reassure you, señorita, for I have but just left your mother, and she seems perfectly well.

"Ah, the saints be praised," said little Felipa devoutly, crossing herself. Then her thoughts recurring to her past annoyances she murmured: "What should I have done if you had not met me? You seem to be always rendering me services at such critical moments."

"I am most delighted that I have been fortunate enough to be of any help to you, Señorita Felipa," said Columbus, his tone saying more than the somewhat formal words. Then he added more boldly: "It would be the greatest pleasure of my life if I could always be near you to assist you."

He paused abruptly, fearing lest he had said too much.

Felipa had flushed deeply, but did not look displeased, although neither spoke until they reached the door of her house, when she asked without looking at him, "Will you not come in, señor?"

"No, I thank you; I had taken leave of your mother; it remains but for me to bid you farewell, señorita."

"Are—are the maps finished?" asked Felipa, struck by his tone.

"They are," said he, watching her face.

"And—and are you coming no more?" asked she, her eyes upon the ground, her fingers playing with her fan.

"That will be as your mother decides, señorita," said he decidedly, and without waiting for an answer he opened the door for her, gave her one long glance, clasped her hand for a moment in his, and with a low bow was gone.

Felipa paused on the stairway, her heart beating wildly, her pretty face crimson. What could that mean but that—oh, could it be true? but her mother, what would she say? She waited until she had somewhat recovered her composure before entering her mother's room. She said nothing of her little adventure, but inquired tenderly of her

mother as to how she had spent the morning, and even—sly little creature!—listened as if it were the greatest news, when she was told that the maps were finished. Her mother watched her rather closely as she told her this, but Felipa's demeanor was admirable; her face did not change in the slightest.

The next morning brought a surprise to the mother in the shape of a letter, left by a boy at the door. She turned it over in her hands, wondering from whom it could come. The writing was firm and wholly unfamiliar to her. After having examined it for a sufficient length of time, she finally resolved to open it, and when she did so her curiosity was changed into amazement, consternation, perplexity, for it contained nothing less than a petition for the hand of her daughter, and was signed, "Cristoforo Colombo." At first she could scarcely credit her eyes: such an idea had really never seriously presented itself to her mind, and she read the letter several times before she fairly comprehended it.

"I am perfectly aware, señora, of the great difference in rank between your daughter and myself, and can feel that your objections on this ground alone may be insurmountable, but can plead my love for her alone. I am poor, yes, but

not hopelessly so. I have already a large order for maps and charts for a vessel about to set sail on one of the common voyages of exploring. Before presenting myself before you again, even for the sake of copying the map which you so graciously gave me permission to do, I await your answer, and can but pray that it may be a favorable one," etc.

Señora Perestrelo sat and stared at the epistle for some moments in silence. Her first thought had been instantly to write an abrupt refusal, but other thoughts obtruded themselves. Her late illness—no one knew better than she that this was no passing disorder, but rather a deep-seated malady; these attacks would become more and more frequent, her death might occur at any moment—and Felipa! her young, sweet, helpless daughter! She had no one to whose charge she could commit her, knowing that she would be kindly treated. She had no near relatives; the only ones, although wealthy, were out of the question. With them, Felipa would occupy a position little better than that of a servant—her pretty Felipa; no, a thousand times no! And yet, fortuneless, living upon an island like Porto Santo, what better chances would probably present themselves for securing her child's future? This man at least

had many good qualities, and, although decidedly Felipa's inferior, still——

"Felipa," she called, "come here, child."

The girl obeyed, coming from the adjoining room, where she had been busy and had not heard the knock of the boy who had brought this important letter. She gazed at her mother in astonishment; then she saw the paper lying in her lap, and gave a slight start.

Without perceiving it, her mother went straight to the point.

"This letter, Felipa, is from Señor Cristoforo Colombo, and contains nothing less than a petition for thy hand in marriage!" Here she paused to allow the girl to grasp the full significance of her words, meanwhile gazing at her closely. If she expected great surprise on Felipa's part she was mistaken. A burning blush suffused her face, but she did not look amazed, rather pleased. Her mother stared at her and finally asked:

"Well, what dost thou say, Felipa?"

"It is for thee to say, mother. Thou hast said nothing."

The mother nodded with satisfaction.

"As I have said before, my child, thy birth is far superior to that of a Genoese sailor, however agreeable a man he may be——"

"O mother," the girl interrupted her," he is no common sailor. I am sure—yes, I know—that he will be a great man yet. He is so clever, so wonderfully clever, he speaks so well, and——"

"But, my child," her mother interfered, rather amused, "how canst thou possibly have learned all this during the few interviews thou hast had with him?"

Felipa said nothing, abashed, but her mother continued:

"I grant thee that he is not a common man, that in fact he is rather uncommon; but whether that makes him a suitable match for Señorita Moñez de Perestrelo——"

"Ah, mother!" interrupted Felipa, "what does all that matter if——"

"If what, Felipa?"

"If he loves me, and—and I love him?" she concluded more boldly.

"Thou lovest him! Thou, a mere child, lovest a man whom thou hast seen how many times, three times, Felipa?"

"Many more than that, surely, mother. Ah, mother, thou wilt consent, say thou wilt consent. It may be strange, mother, but I think I loved him the first time I saw him, he is so kind, so gentle, and yet so brave and daring."

"Pray how dost thou know?"

"I have heard about him. Dost thou not know Nina Rinaldini, one of my playmates? She has told me. Her father was captain of a ship, and he —Señor Colombo—sailed with him. Oh, she has told me many stories of his bravery——"

"There, there, my child. Thou hast never mentioned this before."

"No, mother. But let me tell thee something else, for which thou shouldst surely be grateful to him, mother dear," and the girl recounted her adventure of the day before.

It cannot be said that this tale of rescue decided Señora Perestrelo to give her consent, but she realized that possibly her daughter's happiness would be seriously involved should she refuse it, and the conversation was concluded by the writing of a note in which Señor Colombo was requested to come at a certain hour late that afternoon, and discuss the matter with her. This conversation ended most happily for the lovers. Perhaps Señora Perestrelo had been already half won over by the man's chivalrous, gentle manners; but be that as it may, her consent was finally given, and Felipa called into the room, where, radiant with happiness, she laid her hand in that of her betrothed.

Some weeks later they were married in the little chapel where they had first met, with but few witnesses, among them of course Bartholomew, who had hardly recovered from the utter amazement and surprise which he had felt when his brother had announced to him his engagement. He had seen his pretty little sister-in-law many times, and had become very fond of her, having also won Señora Perestrelo's respect and liking, but he could never have won the place in her heart already occupied by her "dear Colombo."

It had finally been decided that the young couple and the señora should all return to Porto Santo, where the sailor and draughtsman could now try his hand at farming, managing the little farm owned by his wife's mother, and the brothers were therefore soon parted again for an indefinite period. These past few months often seemed a mere dream to the solitary Bartholomew after his brother had finally departed with his bride, neither brother knowing when he would see the other, or even hear of him, as Porto Santo was somewhat isolated, and means of communication would be rare.

IV.

Nearly eleven years have elapsed since Felipa Perestrelo gave her hand to the unknown draughtsman. But little of this time has Columbus spent upon the quiet farm on Porto Santo. A new, daring scheme has been occupying him; although he has been on many voyages, never for one instant has this scheme left his thoughts, and it is none other than a new way of seeking this long hoped-for, long-sought water route to the Indies. He has determined to sail west and find the Indies thus. This is no vague, visionary fancy; not for months did he confide it to a soul, and only after many letters had been exchanged with the eminent astronomer Toscanelli did it seem possible that his plan might some day in the near future be carried out.

Alfonso of Portugal having applied to this astronomer inquiring what his opinion of a shorter route was, the astronomer had presented this westward scheme, using in part the maps Columbus

had sent him. But ten years had passed, the aged astronomer was dead, and after all this waiting, now at last had Columbus found opportunity to present his plans to the present king, John.

The little family, Felipa and her three children, had settled in Lisbon, where Columbus now daily hoped for an interview with the king.

Felipa had lost none of her intense admiration for her husband; she still believed him one of the greatest, cleverest men, and hoped to see him one day universally acknowledged as such. It was she who, although not fully understanding his plans herself, yet encouraged him under his many disappointments, and the tantalizing delays which interfered with the long-hoped-for interview. It was Felipa who had herself visited her distant relatives, to whom she had long been almost an entire stranger, but, nothing daunted, she found her way to those of them whose position made it possible for them to be of use to her husband. By dint of her ardent pleading for his views—views regarded as visionary by the majority, but which yet found encouragement among a few learned men—she managed to win over two of the influential members of her family, and these two had finally secured the promise of a personal interview with the king.

This interview had taken place, but no decision had been received; it was for this second summons that Columbus was now waiting.

He returned home late one afternoon from an idle stroll along the banks of the river. It was a bright, cloudless day in early September, but the heat was intense. The house they had lived in for the past six months was in a close, hot quarter of the city, for money was scarce with them, and Felipa's smooth young brow had worn a look of anxiety for some time. The outlook for the future was unpromising. Suppose the king should decline to have anything to do with her husband's plans? And only this afternoon, her cousin, the Señor Paolo de Martinez de Perestrelo, had been to see her, and held out but little hopes of the success of these plans unless certain modifications were made, and had indeed advised Felipa to persuade her husband to consent to these modifications.

Accordingly Felipa met him with a somewhat absent-minded air. At first Columbus did not perceive this, being occupied with his own rather gloomy thoughts. Felipa was the first to mention the subject nearest both hearts. She asked hesitatingly:

"No summons as yet, Cristoforo mio?"

He started from his revery and looked up. "None," said he slowly. Then after a short pause he asked, "Has no one been here to-day?"

"Señor Paolo de Perestrelo," answered Felipa, for she was not on sufficiently intimate terms with her relatives to address them in any less formal style.

"And what did he have to say?"

Here was opening enough for Felipa surely, but she did not hasten to improve it. Not until her husband repeated his question in a slightly surprised tone did she begin hesitatingly:

"He said that he thought—that it was the general opinion that—that thy demands were too great, that the king was unwilling to accede to such demands, and if thou wast to make some concessions——"

"Yes, if I were to make concessions, to discover the route for them for nothing perhaps, leaving His Majesty to give all honors and rewards to some favorite courtier; while I—I to whom it was justly due—should be left utterly unrewarded; if I should agree to this, then perhaps they would permit me to carry out my plans, forsooth. No, not a single concession will I make; I have asked but little in comparison with the advantages which may be theirs. And what do they lose by promis-

ing me these rewards? Should the enterprise prove a failure, who is the loser, who is exposed to ridicule? The humble subject, Cristoforo Colombo, is it who sinks into oblivion. But it will not be a failure," he added, with a change of tone, his whole face lighting up with enthusiasm, his eyes sparkling. "It will not be a failure. It will succeed, succeed, and then!"

Felipa, watching him, felt all doubts vanish. Yes, he was right—his plans would succeed; and then what reward could be too great for this wonderful man?

But two weeks passed and there was no change in their condition. No change! Ah, yes, but a change which affected their own little home circle alone. The two youngest children, little Felipa and Bartolomeo, were ill. They seemed to have no particular ailment, but lay motionless in their little bed and grew daily weaker and weaker. The doctor prescribed some simple remedies, but with no effect; he spoke of country air and declared the hot city no place for them, but poor Felipa knew that it was utterly useless even to think of a country trip now.

Finally, one day, utterly exhausted from watching with them, she had lain down for a short rest, leaving Diego, the eldest, perhaps five years

old, to watch them, with directions to call her should they ask for anything. She had fallen into a light slumber, but suddenly started up in alarm. The gaze of a pair of eyes fixed fully upon her had roused her from her sleep. She sat up and saw her husband standing beside the couch, but his face wore such a strange expression that she was alarmed.

"What is it?" she asked hurriedly.

"I leave for Spain this very day," he answered, with set teeth.

"For Spain!"

"Yes. I will no longer have anything to do with this faithless country. Faithless! That is too mild a word," he continued, with growing excitement, his blue eyes flashing.

"But what is it, Cristoforo? what has happened? I do not understand," said Felipa, in utter bewilderment.

"What has happened! Listen, Felipa mia. Thou knowest how day after day have I been kept waiting here, waiting and hoping for a favorable reply, but thou dost not know why. I did not until this very day. Oh, His Majesty did well to put me off for weeks. He thought he saw a way of securing the benefits of my scheme without being forced to share them with such an in-

significant party as myself. As to the honorableness of his action, oh, that did not trouble him!" Columbus paused, out of breath, and Felipa, wholly uncomprehending, gazed at him in dismay. Never in all these years had she seen him so furiously indignant, so greatly excited.

He saw her dismay, and with an effort controlled himself and began more quietly:

"Felipa, after listening to my plans, after encouraging me to tell them fully, His Majesty King John of Portugal condescended secretly to fit out a vessel, sending it ostensibly with a cargo to the Cape Verde Islands, but with directions to push on westward and see what there was in this wild idea of mine. Of course they were given all the benefit of my maps and charts left in charge of the government!"

Felipa gave a cry of alarm.

"But it has not succeeded, this cowardly, dishonorable plan! I learned of it to-day. The cowards were afraid—yes, afraid—when they found themselves alone on the great ocean, and realized that they were about to sail whither man had never yet sailed, that they were starting on a voyage whose end no one could foretell, and they have returned.

"But after this, never, never will I sail under

this king's authority. I shall go to Castile, and lay my plans before the Crown. I look for a more favorable reception there. I was foolish to tarry here so long; and now, Felipa, listen to my plans. Thou knowest that our store of money is but scanty, and with the sick children and our straitened means it is impossible for me to take you with me. To wait is also out of the question; so there is nothing left for me but to go alone—or not alone, for I have thought it will be best for me to take our little son Diego with me as far as Huelva. Thy sister has often begged us to lend her one of our children for a time. He will be well cared for, and thou wilt have one less to tax thy time and strength. What dost thou say?"

Felipa clung to him convulsively. "Must thou really go? And on this long, long journey to Spain? Oh, when, when shall I see thee again?"

"Take courage, my Felipa, all will yet be well. There are better days in store for us. I feel, I know it. This parting is unavoidable, but it will not be for long, and I may yet return a wealthy man, and be able to surround thee and our little ones with every luxury. Then thou wilt look upon these dark days as a hateful dream, and gradually they will fade from thy remembrance

entirely. Look up, and bid me good-by with a cheerful face, Felipa."

Although she had grown deathly pale, Felipa tried to force a smile, but it was a ghastly effort. She shed no tears, however, but set about making the necessary preparations, for the time was but short, as her husband intended to leave with their little son that very evening. An acquaintance was going part of the way, and had offered to take the travellers for some distance in his wagon. All this had been arranged before Columbus came home.

There was but little time for sentiment now when these arrangements were finally completed. They looked over their small stock of money together, and had an animated discussion as to the amount Columbus should take with him, Felipa wishing to leave but a mere trifle for her own use. The rooms which comprised their home she was sure of for the next three months, the rent having been paid for that time, and before that she might hope to receive something from the farm on Porto Santo, which was in charge of one of the settlers, and a friend of the couple.

The hour of departure had arrived. Little Diego, like all children, excited and delighted at the prospect of a change, could scarcely wait for

his father to leave the house. Felipa bore up bravely until the last. She stood in the doorway and watched the two until they were out of sight —her husband's tall figure, and the chubby little child at his side—and not until they had turned the corner, waving her a last adieu, did she turn back into the little sitting-room, and, throwing herself upon the lounge, burst into tears, sobbing out in her despair: "I shall never see him again! I shall never see him again!"

Poor little Felipa, her unconscious prophecy was fulfilled. Within two short months from this day, fever had carried off both her two little ones and herself, and not until weeks after—owing to the slowness with which news travelled in those days—did Columbus learn of his losses; learn that the wife who to the last had believed in and encouraged his plans, as fully as he himself believed in them, who to the last had lived for and loved but him, was no more.

V.

Seven years of varied vicissitudes followed Columbus' journey to Spain, years of baffled hopes, of discouragements, and yet with occasional gleams of hope renewed. His arrival at the Spanish court had been at a most unpropitious time. Engaged in warring with the Moors, the king and queen had little time and less money to devote to these schemes to them so visionary. Although received in an encouraging manner, and even granted some slight monetary assistance, he was kept waiting, waiting in vain for the final decision. At one time his fortune did indeed seem decided favorably. The duke of Medina Celi had entertained him most hospitably, and entered so warmly into his plans, that he even resolved to fit out several ships at his own expense; but the queen would not give her consent to this plan, alleging that she had not yet decided that she would not take up the affair herself.

This was in the spring of 1491. But months

passed, and Columbus had received no definite reply. Sick at heart, he finally decided to leave this country where he had wasted so many years, and accordingly he went to Huelva, where his little son Diego had remained all these years with his aunt, and, with the boy, prepared to depart for either France or England, he had not as yet decided.

With Diego at his side, he set out one autumn afternoon from the little town on his way to Palos. The years had left but few traces on his face and figure. He was still erect, vigorous, and handsome; he still was as firm a believer in his plans as ever, although discouraged and disheartened at the receptions they had met with. The future looked black enough as he strode along the road, gazing neither to the right nor the left, absorbed in his thoughts, and paying but little attention even to Diego.

The little fellow tramped along right manfully at first, but they had walked a long distance, he had long since eaten the small lunch his aunt had done up for him when they started, and the child was both hungry and thirsty. He glanced at his father, this father who was almost an entire stranger to him; but Columbus strode on, slightly ahead; he had evidently forgotten all about him.

After a few minutes, seeing that his father still seemed totally oblivious of his surroundings, he ran up to him, and touched his arm.

"Father, I am very hungry; have we much farther to go?"

The man started and looked at the child. He seemed very tired, and suddenly Columbus realized how long they had been walking.

"Thou art tired, Diego?" he asked gently.

"Yes, father; but more than that, I am very hungry and thirsty."

Columbus gazed about him uncertainly. There was nothing in sight with which the boy could satisfy his hunger, no fruit or even a nut tree. He paused irresolutely; then his eyes fell upon a long building upon a hill near by, a building which he fancied a monastery. He pointed it out to the child, and encouraged him to exert himself and push on toward it, hoping that they might procure food there. He was not mistaken, it was the monastery of La Rábida, inhabited by members of the Franciscan order. They reached the portal, and only then did Columbus realize how exhausted he was.

He was kindly received, and his petition to be allowed to rest for a while, and also for food for himself and his little son, was readily granted.

After having satisfied their hunger, the monks escorted father and son into a large room, whose windows overlooked the ocean. Diego threw himself down on the floor in a dark corner and was soon asleep. Columbus was standing at one of the windows, gazing out upon the water, when one of the monks, whom he had not seen before, entered the room and accosted him pleasantly.

"You seem to have walked some distance today, sir. The little boy is quite exhausted," said he in a deep, pleasant voice.

"Yes, we have walked from Huelva," replied Columbus.

"From Huelva! That is indeed a long journey. What is your destination?"

"God knows!" replied Columbus, bitterly. Then, seeing that the monk looked surprised, he added, in a more natural tone: "I go either to England or to France; my choice will be decided by the first opportunity which I have of winning my passage to either country. I am a sailor. I hope to find some captain willing to engage my services, even with the additional burden of my little son."

The brother looked at him with evident interest. This was no common sailor, yet he was poor, that was plainly seen. But his whole appearance, his

manners, his language, betokened some one far above a sailor.

"Am I right in thinking you a fellow-countryman, a Spaniard?" asked the monk.

"A Spaniard, no, and yet I have lived in Spain for seven years; a Portuguese, no, and yet I lived there for longer yet. I am in reality a Genoese; at least I was born in Genoa, but have lived in many places, and sailed over almost all the waters of this sphere—the known waters," he added in an undertone.

Now, two expressions in this speech had attracted the especial attention of this monk, who was none other than Father Juan Perez de Marchena, Queen Isabella's confessor, and a very intelligent and learned man. One was the fact that Columbus had said "the waters of this sphere," and the other the words he had added, words evidently meant only for himself. Now, as Father Marchena knew very well, the belief that the earth was a sphere was by no means general; in fact it was bitterly contested by many, and wholly unknown to the ignorant. It was possible and yet hardly probable that the man had used the expression unwittingly. And as to the other expression, "the known waters," it certainly betokened that this stranger, whoever or whatever he was, be-

lieved that there were other regions as yet totally unknown to the explorers of the time. These facts might mean but little in themselves, but they, added to the distinguished appearance of the man even in his dusty, travel-worn clothes, interested Father Juan in him.

"Is it possible that you believe this earth to be a sphere?" asked he suddenly, in a purposely depreciatory tone.

"Possible!" replied Columbus, quickly. "Is there any other rational belief?" He spoke impatiently; as the result of the opposition he had encountered, he was now ready to resent the slightest contradiction. But Father Marchena did not seem offended at his impatient rejoinder; he smiled slightly, and with increased interest he asked:

"You are a scholar, then, if that is your opinion, for the masses have most different ideas." Columbus glanced quickly at him.

"Ah, then your opinion is the same; you know how absurd, how preposterous, are those fools who assert that such a belief is contradictory to the scriptures, impious, and the like."

"I do know that it is absurd; but they are blindly prejudiced, those poor creatures. But you speak feelingly, stranger; have you perhaps suffered from this ignorance?"

"Have I not?" said Columbus, in his former bitter tone; then gazing fully at the monk, something in his face inspired him with confidence, and, with a frankness which would have surprised himself a few moments before, Columbus poured out his troubles to the monk's willing ear. He told him all his plans, his disappointments, his vain efforts to win the support of either the king of Portugal or Spain. Even if Father Marchena had not been the intelligent, scholarly man that he was, he might perhaps have been carried away by Columbus' speech, for the man's enthusiasm and confidence were contagious. As it was, he could understand him, his plans did not seem visionary, and finally he became almost as enthusiastic as Columbus himself. One after another, some six or eight monks, who had passed the door and become curious as to what this eager talk could be about, had entered the room, and formed a group about the two men. Even Diego had awakened, and sat up in his corner, staring in surprise. When Columbus paused in his flow of words, Father Juan interposed:

"You said you were on your way to either France or England—Señor——"

"Cristoforo Colombo," answered Columbus. "Yes, father, I am about to try my fortune with

the sovereigns of one of these two countries. My brother Bartolomeo is already in England, trying to interest the king in my behalf. If possible I shall go there."

"This must not be," said Marchena, glancing at the group as if to find confirmation of his words. "Spain must not lose, through foolish indecision, such a chance." The last words he spoke in an undertone to himself; then he drew one of the monks aside and spoke to him for several minutes in an undertone, then dispatched him on some errand. In a few minutes he returned with a peasant boy, to whom Father Juan gave some directions incomprehensible to Columbus, and the boy departed. The father now turned again to Columbus.

"I have sent for two friends of mine, Señor Colombo," said he, "to whom I should like you to explain your plans fully, as you have just now done to me. They will be here before long; meanwhile—you are fresh from court—tell us the latest news of this terrible war with the infidels, the Moors."

Father Juan Perez was an interesting companion, and the time did not seem long to Columbus before the door opened, and the monk who had been so hurriedly dispatched returned, accompa-

nied by two men, to whom he was forthwith presented. One was Garcia Hernandez, a physician of Palos, an intelligent man, somewhat of a cosmographer; the other, Alonzo Pinzon. Father Juan briefly explained his reasons for sending for them, and they seated themselves and prepared to listen to Columbus with the utmost attention. He described his views to them with even more enthusiasm and warmth than he had displayed with Father Juan alone. This time he felt sure of sympathetic hearers, and the monk watched him with great satisfaction. When he had finished, Father Juan turned to the two friends he had summoned.

"Well, what do you say to this, Garcia Hernandez? This is no wild scheme of a madman, is it?"

"In truth, it seems to me most plausible and well worthy of the risk," replied Hernandez.

"And thou, Pinzon?"

"I am ready—no, anxious—to embark in the first ship which sets sail westward under the guidance of Señor Cristoforo Colombo!" cried the ship-owner and mariner Alonzo Pinzon, enthusiastically.

Columbus' face flushed with pleasure at these encouraging words.

Juan Perez also looked pleased.

"I shall write to Her Majesty," he declared firmly.

Columbus gazed at him somewhat sceptically, although deeply thankful to him for his sympathy.

"Father, for these seven years have I vainly tried to influence her or her nobles in my plans. I have utterly failed, with one exception. I am convinced that it is the queen's counsellors who are most opposed to me, but this influence it is useless to combat."

"It is not useless, my son; it can and shall be done," replied he, decidedly. "Señor Colombo, you and your little son must remain with us as our guests for a few days, until I can receive an answer from Her Majesty. She must listen to you, and she will. For many years I was her father confessor, and I do not believe that I have lost all my influence with her. You have no definite plans; the delay will not seriously inconvenience you. You will stay, will you not?"

Columbus assented willingly enough, but in a state of amazement. Was it possible that at last, at last, his fortunes were to turn? that there was hope, after all? The prior's confidence encouraged him to new hope.

That very day an epistle to the queen was dispatched by a mounted messenger.

Sooner than Columbus had dared hope for an answer, it arrived, summoning the prior to wait upon the queen in the camp before Grenada.

In great excitement did Columbus await the return of his champion, and when at last he arrived at La Rábida he brought most encouráging news. He brought a purse of money for Columbus, and in December the indefatigable prior accompanied his *protégé* to the camp, while his little son remained in charge of the Franciscans.

Once more did Columbus urge his plans before the queen's counsellors, her confessor, and learned prelates, but here in Grenada he met with a far more favorable reception than in Salamanca. Not an inch did his pride yield; and it was not until after much debating, hesitating, and indeed after having once utterly refused, that the queen consented to his demands. He had actually started for France, when his partisans prevailed upon her not to let this opportunity of a lifetime, of an age indeed, slip from her hands, and once more he was recalled. Not until April was the agreement finally signed, and Columbus vowed to devote all the wealth which he might obtain to the rescue of the Holy Sepulchre.

When at length the little fleet of three vessels set sail, one under the command of his enthusiastic supporter Martin Pinzon, on that Friday, August 3d, 1492, with what varied emotions did Columbus stand upon the deck of his ship! His wishes were fulfilled; the desire of his heart, his long-cherished plan, was to be carried out, he was to find the new route to the Indies! Not for an instant did he shudder at the thought of the long, dangerous voyage, the voyage over this vast, trackless ocean. No, his heart beat high, and his courage would suffice, that he knew.

VI.

Father Juan stood at the window of his lofty, spacious apartment. His gaze was fixed upon the infinite ocean, and his heart was torn with conflicting emotions.

The young curly, black-haired Jacob, the only son of his dead brother, caused him anxiety. The boy was wide-awake, industrious, but his heart longed violently for a life of greater activity. Up to this time he had passed his days in a neighboring cloister, had enlarged his knowledge under the care of the prior there. Now the cloister rooms were too small for the boy, he wished to go out into the world among the students of Salamanca.

Father Juan knew that city, with its gloomy, narrow streets; knew the university, which, founded in the year 1222, now stood above all others, and gave scientific instruction to thousands of students. But he also knew the peril and dangers which threatened a young man there.

He gazed out upon the sea. How calm it was to-day! how many ships ploughed their way through its waves, unsuspicious of danger! and in a few hours how the scene could change! A raging hurricane might sweep over the ocean, the waves might turn up mountain-high, and man's proud ships would be as much at the mercy of the mighty unchained elements as tiny nut-shells. Finally, all human knowledge and skill would fail in this struggle; man could but fold his hands and pray to God. This life is like the sea—to-day calm and peaceful, inviting us to long journeys, and to-morrow a prey to wild storms.

All this Father Juan thought of, and he wished to warn the young Jacob, and, if the youth persevered in his wishes, to give him some good advice for his first journey out into the wide world.

But Father Juan was disturbed in his revery. There was an impatient knock at the door, and a man of about thirty years of age, whose face wore an expression of the greatest excitement, entered the room.

"Ah, it is you, Garcia Hernandez," said the prior, turning to him, "but what in the world has excited you so? You are not the calm, composed scholar that you usually appear. What brings you to me?"

Garcia Hernandez, who lived in the neighboring town of Palos, was indeed a scholar, physician, physicist, and cosmographist; he was very learned, had a keen mind, and busied himself with studies in natural science, but, above all, was deeply interested in the distant countries of the earth, which were still wrapped in a veil of mystery for human eyes, and of which but vague ideas were held. He was usually most composed in his actions and manners, but to-day he seemed wholly robbed of all self-possession. His breath came rapidly, for he had fairly run to the cloister, and drawing a deep breath he cried, "Father Juan, do you remember the man who came to the cloister two years ago, the white-haired man whom we recommended to Queen Isabella?"

Garcia Hernandez seated himself on a chair, for his beating heart must first grow calm.

"Christopher Columbus," said Father Juan, slowly, as though collecting his scattered thoughts and trying to recall something to his memory. "How should I have forgotten him? He was an extraordinary man; in his eyes shone the fire of genius. Happy is he who meets such a man in his life! Most happy he whom God has blessed by permitting him to be of use to such a remarkable being! By an interposition of God we were

called to help Christopher Columbus to the means for his voyage. And was it not undertaken in a pious spirit? Did he not promise to give funds for a new crusade to Jerusalem, to free our Saviour's sacred truth from the hand of the Saracens? How often, as I have stood here at the window, and my thoughts pierced beyond the bounds of the horizon, has my spirit been with him and his vessels! How often has my heart trembled for him when the storm wrapped everything in mist and fog; for that is a journey for life and death —bolder indeed than all the voyages of the Portuguese, who have always hugged the coast of Africa. Ah, they advanced slowly, step by step, but Columbus has undertaken a truly heroic flight, and how often I ask myself in timid doubt, Is it not an Icarian flight? But your eyes sparkle joyously. Have you news of him? Has he returned?"

"Wonderful! Father Juan," cried Garcia Hernandez, "what rumors the merchants of Sevilla bring us! One of Columbus' ship-captains, Alonso Pinzon, you remember, has landed in the northwestern part of Spain, in Bayonne, and has dispatched accounts of truly discovered lands to the king. And Columbus himself—he was forced to put into Lisbon, owing to contrary winds. The

envious Portuguese wished to take him prisoner, but the protecting letter of our king of Castile and Leon must be respected. Columbus can arrive in Palos at any hour now. And what does he bring with him! Wonders of wonders, red men, gay birds, rare spices, fruits such as we have never seen—and gold, Father Juan, solid gold in quantities."

"Praised be God in Heaven!" cried the father, clasping his hands. "So the great work has succeeded, and the sea route to the wealthy Indies discovered!"

"Now you know it, Father Juan," said Garcia Hernandez eagerly. "And I am going. I shall sit upon the shore and not leave it until I have pressed Columbus' hand. All the people are wild with excitement!"

"I too must greet the discoverer," replied the prior, "and accompany him to the house of God, that he may thank the Almighty for his protection, without which all the letters of all the princes and powers of this world cannot avail to save us."

With the greatest astonishment had young Jacob listened to this conversation. What was it which had so excited these two learned men? Red men? Were there such beings? Gay birds?

gold, real gold, spices from the fairy-like Indies! And they planned a new crusade; his uncle had spoken of it.

All these things were riddles for the boy. He followed the father and Garcia Hernandez mechanically, as they walked along engaged in an animated conversation. He did not understand what he heard of the conversation, but he pushed on, anxious to see all those wonders with his own eyes, for the bells of Palos were ringing gayly.

A few hours later, Jacob, standing near his uncle, could have a good look at the man who was being lionized by all the inhabitants of the city.

The famous navigator appeared older than he was, but all the hardships of the long sea-voyage had not bowed his tall, powerful figure. Jacob de Marchena could not take his eyes from him; a strange fascination attracted him to this man, and he followed him in the procession to the city with bent head, followed him as a dog follows his master, without being able to explain to himself why so suddenly every fibre of his heart seemed to go out to the stranger. It was the power of genius, and, strangely enough, he had scarcely a glance for the copper-colored Indians in their national garb; he paid no attention to the strange

parrots, the spices; the gold excited no admiration—this man alone seemed great, admirable to him, this man who had achieved something which had been impossible for all his predecessors.

He of course had no part in the conversation which the admiral, Columbus, carried on with his friends Father Juan and Garcia Hernandez—he was too young for this; but he waited patiently outside the door until Columbus reappeared, and was content and happy to have seen him again.

Columbus did not long remain in Palos. He hastened to Barcelona, where the court was then staying; he proceeded through all Spain in triumph, and in triumph he entered Barcelona. When he appeared in the palace, accompanied by numerous nobles, the king and queen rose from their throne, and received him with the greatest honor and graciousness, even permitting him to sit in their presence. The fame of the great exploring voyage spread throughout Spain and the whole civilized world as well, and the admiral at once began fitting out a new fleet.

But Jacob had remained in Palos, solitary and in quiet, and pondered over all that he had heard. He had for a long time been in the habit of spending his leisure hours in the house of the physician and cosmographer Garcia Hernandez, where, with

her mother, lived the physician's young sister, little Mercedes. There was a secret agreement between the two children, of which no one else knew that when Jacob should return from Salamanca with his degree they should be married. This was their firm intention.

Now, Jacob went here oftener than ever, but he chose the hours when he was sure to find Garcia at home. He kept near him, accompanied him on walks, and began to question the learned physician upon all sorts of things relating to Columbus, about which young Jacob was very uncertain.

Garcia Hernandez was pleased with this thirst for knowledge in the young man, and initiated him in the geographical knowledge of that time. Through Hernandez's instructions, Jacob's mental horizon enlarged. Garcia told him of distant lands which had been visited by famous explorers, of the wonderful India where all the precious spices grew, and of Columbus' plan to sail west and reach this wonderful land, since the overland route was endangered by the hostile Moors and Turks.

"My young friend," said he, "Columbus' great voyage is but the first of many more famous voyages. The islands are rich in gold, and will therefore allure many to their shores; but whether

those are really the kingdoms of Cathay and Cipango, or new lands of which we have as yet known nothing, the future alone can show. But if you are so deeply interested in such things, the letter which Columbus wrote to the king about his voyage will certainly interest you. I can give it to you. Read it and wonder!"

Jacob seated himself in Garcia's arbor, and for the first time became clear as to the true, connected history of Columbus' first voyage. This letter was a kind of journal, beginning with the words: "After your Highnesses in this year 1492 had finished the war against the Moors, who ruled in Europe, and had made peace in the great city of Granada, this same year, on the second day of the month January, I saw the banner of your Highnesses float on the towers of the Alhambra, and saw the Moorish king march out of the city and kiss your Majesty's hands.

"In the same month, your Highnesses as Catholics, and lovers and spreaders of the holy Christian religion, and as enemies of Mohammedanism and all idolatry and heresy, were pleased to send me, Christopher Columbus, to the region of the Indies of which I had spoken to your Highnesses, and ordered me to repair to the Grand Khan, which in our language means king of kings. You did not

command me to travel in the usual way to the land of the Orient, but to reach India by a westward route across the sea, which, as far as one can tell, has never before been tried by any one."

Then the discoverer related how he had resolved carefully to note down all the events of the day, to make a new chart, and closed with the words: "It is of chief importance, therefore, that I learn to dispense with sleep, and pursue my way with endurance, and to fulfil all the obligations of a great work."

Then young Jacob read of the voyage to the Canary Islands, and of the steering out into the unknown ocean. Far to the west, the geographers of that time suspected an island, Antilla, to which in the year 734 Spanish Christians had fled from the Moors. Columbus also believed in the existence of this island, and in his opinion sailed quite near it, but his aim was India, and he therefore did not stop for secondary matters. For thirty-four days he saw only sky and water. What struggles! what conflicts with his men, did he not endure; how often was he deceived by a false cry of, "Land! Land!" until at last Guanahani, the small island which he called San Salvador, was reached. Young Jacob read and marvelled. Men

neither black nor white, dogs which did not bark, did the admiral describe. Then they sailed from one island to another, until, in Cuba, Columbus thought he had reached the main land of Asia, in Hispaniola or Hayti, Cipango or Japan, and sent messengers to the Grand Khan. Errors these, which only a later period should refute.

Garcia Hernandez might permit himself doubts, Jacob was entranced by other portions of the account. He fancied himself with the admiral in Cuba. "The perfume of the flowers and trees," he read, "is sweet beyond description. Evidently there were cows here and other large animals, for skeletons with the heads of cows were found. All night long we could hear the birds singing, the twittering of sparrows, the chirping of crickets. The air was mild and balmy at night, neither cold nor hot." He followed the two Spaniards who had undertaken the first exploring tour of Cuba, and who had met many men and women, all of whom carried a glowing coal wrapped in fragrant herbs in their hands. They were dried herbs wrapped in one large dried leaf. They were lighted at one end; at the other end the people drew in or, so to say, drank the smoke. "They become sleepy and intoxicated by this," wrote Columbus, "but they are evidently kept

from weariness thereby. The people call this dried herb *tobacos*."

Then the mention of the golden ornaments, and the admiral's ejaculation, "May God in his mercy permit me to find the gold mines!" Then the first Christmas in the New World, the storm and shipwreck of the *Santa Maria*, the founding of the first settlement, Navidad or Christmas, upon Hispaniola; then the dangerous return voyage over the stormy sea—all this the young reader devoured. His thoughts flew to America, to the Spanish settlers in Navidad, and he longed to be there. He was a child of his times, and he firmly resolved to go.

In one moment Salamanca and the university were forgotten. Mercedes joined him in the arbor, and to her he poured out his hopes and plans. She tried to dissuade him, but he persisted in his resolves; she pitied him, that he was going so young to a certain death. She even wept, but her tears had no effect upon the great Columbus' ardent admirer.

The carrying out of his plans did not, to be sure, depend upon him alone. His guardian, Father Juan, must give his consent, as Jacob knew very well, and he applied to his friend Garcia Hernandez for assistance.

There was great enthusiasm in Palos over the next voyage of Columbus, and the two friends of the former weary wanderer looked upon the great discovery as their work also, as it was through their recommendation to the queen that Columbus had secured the means for his first voyage. Therefore Jacob de Marchena had no very difficult task in obtaining his guardian's consent. He was already eighteen years old, and in Spain this means a more mature age than in northern countries. He was strong and healthy, and the prior gave his consent. Columbus would not forget, in the person of the nephew, the service which the uncle had once rendered him; of this the prior was sure, and so Jacob collected his small belongings, and with a happy heart set out for Cadiz to join the great fleet.

For it was a great fleet which Columbus now had under his guidance. Seventeen vessels, twelve hundred armed men, with infantry and cavalry, were put at his disposal. He was now to take possession of the discovered land. The first settlers were already established in Navidad, and Columbus' reports had had such an inspiring effect that not only adventurers, but also members of the Spanish nobility, were among the emigrants. They took with them European domestic animals,

as well as grains, vegetables, and grape-vine cuttings. The viceroy intended to found a colony on Hispaniola, and then to continue his voyage of exploration. He cherished a proud plan: not only would he visit those markets of the world, Cathay, Cipango, and India, but, sailing steadily westward, he would circumnavigate the globe. And he was sure of the success of his undertaking! How near Japan was to Spain he had proved by his discoveries, and could declare that the earth was not nearly as large as astronomers and cosmographers had declared.

He was wrong; he had accomplished a greater deed than he knew; he had discovered an entire hemisphere wholly unknown to humanity. But of this he had not the slightest idea when on the 25th of September, 1493, his fleet weighed anchor in the harbor of Cadiz, and he began his second memorable voyage.

VII.

Slowly Columbus' fleet sailed through the group of Lesser Antilles toward the island of Hispaniola. On the 22d of November they reached it, and cries of joy resounded on board. The eyes of the admiral also sparkled joyously, for he built great hopes upon this splendid island.

The settlers in Navidad had certainly not been idle; they had entered into trade with the natives, had exchanged the worthless trifles left with them for gold. So thought Columbus, and in his imagination this strange land must conceal other products which the settlers had probably learned of by this time. With all these treasures he wished to load part of his fleet and send them to the king of Spain. Then he looked for a speedy prosperity in his vice-kingdom from these new supplies and troops.

But the harbor of Navidad was a long distance away, and so they sailed into the harbor of Monte Christi, where they anchored.

As usual, several men landed to get a supply of water. Among these was Jacob de Marchena.

Everything that he saw here was new. The trees, the flowers, the birds, all were different from those of his home, and his astonished eyes wandered from one object to another. Here he now sat on the bank of a brook which issued from a little grove, and plunged noisily into the sea. Before him extended a grassy meadow, reaching to the edge of the sea. This was no grass such as they were familiar with in Europe; it was much higher and stronger. Gay butterflies floated above it. Busy insects hummed; they were all active, for the sun was just touching the edge of the horizon, and in the east the moon was rising, night was fast approaching, night which brought rest to one swarm of insects and awakened another to life. His companions prepared to return to the boat and row back to the ship. One must be prudent in this strange land. Unpleasant facts had been learned of other islands, and unmistakable traces of cannibalism remarked along the coast.

Jacob rose to follow his companions. His thoughts had wandered from these strange surroundings back to his far distant home in Spain, to the garden where he had so often sat, to little Mercedes, his constant companion. How long

would it be before he would see her again, how many, many years? Mechanically he followed the men. When they drew near the boat, and the sun had just dropped out of sight, a brilliant insect flew close in front of him and seated itself upon a tall blade of grass. The bright spots on the beetle's breast shone like two green lanterns. The glow-worm could not be compared to this beautiful beetle; its brilliancy was a hundred times brighter, and of a wonderful beauty of color. Jacob de Marchena was suddenly seized with the desire to possess this living jewel; he drew near and tried to catch it. Away it flew, and Jacob after it. But he suddenly paused—a disagreeable odor of decomposition was noticeable; and as he gazed in the direction from which it seemed to arise, a raven-like bird flew up out of the tall grass at his left.

Urged on by curiosity, Jacob pushed on toward the spot; but he started back, for there before him lay the corpse of a man stretched out in the grass. He overcame his horror sufficiently to draw nearer; then a cry of alarm escaped him; did the twilight deceive him, or was it really the corpse of a white man?

Alarmed by the call, his companions stood still. He beckoned to them, and they approached. But

no one could positively assert that this corpse was that of an Indian or a white man, as decomposition had progressed too far. But all recognized the cause of death of the unfortunate victim: the man had been strangled; the cord still was twisted about his neck.

Most of the men still stood around the mysterious corpse in stupid bewilderment, when one who had strolled slightly farther uttered a fresh exclamation of surprise; he had found a second, likewise unrecognizable corpse, whose feet were tied together with a cord.

As the twilight deepened, they tarried no longer on the shore. They hurried into the boat and rowed toward the vessel. They sat in silence, no one wished to be the first to give voice to his thoughts, but each one secretly feared that these were the corpses of Spaniards, and that some misfortune had befallen the settlement. Navidad was indeed but twelve miles distant from the harbor of Monte Christi.

This news was soon known to all on the admiral's ship; it awakened the same melancholy suspicions here.

"You could not ascertain positively that they were Indian corpses?" they asked the returned explorers.

"No," was the short answer.

Even the admiral was distressed; he commanded that on the next morning the beach should be searched by a strong detachment of armed men. Until then, each was left to his own suspicions as to the fate of the Spaniards left in Navidad.

Jacob sat on the fore-deck beside young Alonso Ojeda.

"Matters look bad," said he.

"Why?" asked Jacob de Marchena.

"You have seen that the feet of one corpse were tied together; that proves that the settlers were overpowered and taken prisoners."

"The settlers?" asked Marchena. "Could they not have been Indians whose bodies we found?"

"If only they were not so near Navidad," replied Ojeda, "and if the coast were not so deserted! Why are there no signs of Indians? They have certainly seen us. And why do they not come on the beach as these wild men usually do? They have guilty consciences; they are afraid of us and therefore avoid us."

"You express my own thoughts, Alonso," said Marchena. "I have thought the same myself, for why do the murderers avoid us? Only because they see in us the avengers of the murdered ones!"

"You are perfect ravens," interrupted a sharp voice. Margarite, the commander of the troops, drew near. "I forbid you to carry on such conversations and dishearten the men. I expected different things of the nobles of Castile—courage, but not faint-heartedness."

"Oh, permit me but one word!" cried Ojeda. "True courage is shown not in conversations between two friends, but on the battle-field. But if you command I must of course be silent."

"Pray hush, let us have no disputing!" cried Marchena.

"What?" cried Margarite. "No disputing? You have forgotten that your superior is before you. You add to your cowardice disobedience. Disputing? There can be no question of that. Whoever contradicts me is a mutineer."

"Margarite!" called the mild voice of the admiral in the background. "I wish to speak to you."

Margarite was forced to obey the admiral, who spoke to him calmly of the landing for the morrow, and of various plans for the future. He had heard the dispute, and was forced again to interfere conciliatingly with his men.

Man's worst enemy is his own passion, and therefore the admiral detained the violent colonel

of his troops until he perceived that his anger had vanished.

"A vain fool!" said Ojeda, meanwhile.

"But he is our captain!" replied Marchena.

"The devil!" replied Ojeda. "I have not sailed to these islands under his rule. My judge is the king alone."

"The king is far from us," said Marchena warningly to his friend.

"I know that very well," replied Ojeda. "One should have pondered deeply before putting such a wide, desolate waste of waters as this ocean between himself and the crown of Castile and Leon, but I will know how to help myself!"

He went away, and Jacob de Marchena gradually fell fast asleep. He had become accustomed to these scenes during the long voyage. Ojeda, however, was joined by another Castilian, Francisco Roldan.

"Do not trust this greenhorn," said he in warning to Ojeda. "He is a favorite of the Genoese, a child of his friend. Say yourself, should not the king have made a Spaniard admiral and viceroy? Columbus would have sailed with the fleet as pilot. But he, the Italian, is our master, and has even brought his brother Diego along, who cringes to him like a dog."

Ojeda was silent. To a certain extent the clever Roldan was right. Spanish pride revolted against being forced to serve under a foreigner and obey him. This pride also blinded them. They forgot that the Genoese was the discoverer of those lands in which they were now to found a New Spain.

With the dawn of the next day a number of boats put off to search the shore. The admiral was among the first to land, and close beside him were Marchena, Ojeda, Margarite, and Roldan.

The coast was absolutely deserted; not a single native was visible; nowhere, as far as the eye could reach, was a pillar of smoke visible to betray a human settlement. An uncanny stillness prevailed, unbroken by the song of birds.

The men landed full of anxious expectation. First of all they sought the corpses found by Marchena the day before; even now, when the sun shone brightly down from the sky, they were unrecognizable.

They now began to search the shore, arranged in long rows. The helmets of the Castilians sparkled over the grass, but for a long time no sound was uttered.

The admiral sat under a tree and listened to the wonderful song of a bird which his eyes could not distinguish in the thick foliage. This melodious,

vibrating song had already delighted him upon his first visit to this land; he thought the bird a nightingale, and thus named it in his letters. Later this error was also proved. It was the mocking-bird, the king of American feathered songsters, which so enchanted by its sweet tones the discoverer of the New World.

He was so susceptible to the beauties of nature that for a moment he even forgot the fate of his settlers.

A loud cry from Ojeda, "Here, here, Castilians!" roused him from his reveries. He sprang up, and, accompanied by Marchena, went to the spot where the other Spaniards had assembled around Ojeda. As the two approached the circle of men, who were crowding more and more closely together, Marchena heard Ojeda say to Margarite: "I do not wish to croak, captain; but tell me, have the natives such a heavy growth of beard? That is unfortunately a European beard. I would take my oath to that!"

"There are exceptions everywhere," cried Margarite.

Soon after Marchena stood near Columbus beside the corpses; this one also was completely unrecognizable, but Ojeda was right—the Indians had no such heavy beards.

"But he is naked," remarked one of the Spaniards.

"Oh, the garments would certainly be fine booty for the Indians," replied Ojeda, ironically. "Believe me, comrade, none of us would be given to mother-earth in full state by these savages. Naked as we have come upon this earth will the Christians be thrown in the thickets and grass here after their death."

The soldiers murmured in assent. Columbus also seemed to share Ojeda's opinion, for he did not waste time in further searching along this uncanny shore, but commanded that they return to the ships, weighed anchor, and steered toward Navidad.

The night of the 27th of November had already descended when they perceived the heights of Navidad. The admiral knew this unfavorable, rocky entrance of the harbor, and therefore he remained outside for that night, and merely discharged two cannon to announce his arrival. But all remained silent on the shore. Not even a fire was kindled as signal.

Hours of anxious expectation followed.

The leaders and soldiers gazed across the sea looking for a boat or any sign of life, but all search was vain.

Few could close their eyes that night; all awaited with impatience the dawn.

Near Marchena stood two Indians whom Columbus had brought back to Spain, and who now accompanied the admiral as interpreters. Their gaze also sought to pierce the darkness, for yonder on the shore rose their huts; there stood the village in which their chief, Guacamari, ruled. They would see their friends and relatives again, and what news they had to relate to them! What wonders they had seen! Wonders of the Old World which filled the children of the New World with even more astonishment than the famous splendor of the American nature did the Spaniards. Cities with their houses of stone, with their huge churches and high towers, strange animals, horses, oxen, goats, sheep — all these things which were unknown on the Antilles. And these men, these knights in dazzling armor, these sharp swords of Toledo steel, and these powerful machines which belched forth thunder and lightning. Oh, yes, through their children, the two worlds had much to tell each other.

Day had not yet dawned, the sea was still wrapped in darkness, when one of the Indians uttered a cry of joy, raised his hand, and pointed to the sea.

Involuntarily Marchena gazed in the indicated direction, and there, on the water in which the stars were reflected, he discovered one of the small canoes of the natives. It came nearer and nearer to the admiral's ship, impelled by oars. Now one could plainly see three naked forms with feathers on their heads seated in it.

A strange excitement passed through the whole ship.

The men crowded together, and sailors helped the new arrivals on board.

The admiral stood near the mast. Apparently calm and composed, his heart yet secretly beat rapidly. In a few moments he would learn the fate of the men they had left behind.

But why did only three Indians come to greet them? Why had not the Spaniards hastened to salute their brethren, to receive from their lips news of the old home on the other side of the ocean? The admiral tried to banish these thoughts. He sought refuge in the hope that all would yet be happily explained.

The Indians stood on deck. They gazed shyly at the strange Spaniards, and exchanged a few words with the Indian interpreters.

"What do they say? What do they wish?" came from the group.

"They wish to see the admiral," replied the interpreters.

"Good, let us take them to him."

In a moment the three sons of the wilderness stood before the great discoverer. Their eyes were fixed upon his tall form, sought to pierce the darkness of night, but in vain, they could not distinguish his features.

Again they turned to the interpreters.

"They wish to have a light that they may see if it is really the admiral."

Soon wax candles were brought, and by their light the Indians recognized the strange white man with the bright blue eyes. Yes, it was he, and they greeted him.

One of them introduced himself as a cousin of the chief, Guacamari. But why this ceremony!

"How are the Christians?" they were asked.

The answer came slowly, hesitatingly.

"They are well," said the cousin of the chief, "but not all, for some were carried off by sickness, others again were killed by their own brothers in a fight, and others fell in battle with our enemies. We are glad that you have come again, for we have experienced hard times."

"Other kings, Caonabo and Manin, have invaded our land with their hordes of warriors—

our village is desolated, our king Guacamari wounded. He would gladly have come to greet you, but he was forced to stay at home, for he cannot walk."

This was not such good news as they had hoped for, but the Spaniards were nevertheless consoled.

Navidad still existed, and the settlers had surely explored the country. The colonies must surely flourish now, when they brought such abundant supplies, horses and cattle, vegetables and grain of all kinds, and hundreds who wished to settle there.

Meanwhile day dawned, the sun rose dazzlingly from the waves of the ocean. His rays irradiated the shore, but not a soul was to be seen there.

Why prolong this uncertainty? A detachment of Spanish soldiers landed, Margarite at their head, and our friends Ojeda and Marchena among them. The Spaniards directed their steps toward the village of Guacamari, near which lay the settlement.

But what a sight! Not one of the natives' miserable huts was left standing; only heaps of ashes indicated the spots where once humble human habitations had been. And Navidad! There stood a bare ruin; a desolate, fire-blackened ruin. The Spanish bulwarks were half burned

down, half torn down. And where were the survivors? They looked for the Indians who could give them information, but they kept at a distance; they avoided the Spaniards as though they had in fact guilty consciences. Or did they fear them?

Margarite made use of other means; he allured the savages to him with all kinds of trifles, with little bells and glass beads: and finally they did approach him, and were induced to go to the admiral's ship. They were well treated and gradually their tongues loosened.

"The Spaniards are all dead," was their answer; "Caonabo and Maynin killed them all. Guacamari lies in a hut in the interior, wounded by a spear-thrust in his foot."

"Where is this Caonabo?" cried Ojeda, stamping his foot and grasping his sword-hilt. "Vengeance for the Spanish blood shed!"

Columbus glanced calmly at the enraged man.

"Do not be so hasty in your judgment," said he, turning to them all. "Do you know positively that these savages are guilty? Let us first make inquiries and investigations, and not alarm the naked children of the New World by warlike demeanor. Eh, Roldan," he continued, "you have been appointed judge of the new settlement;

your judgment is calm and moderate. Say, is it not better to conquer peaceably than to make our way over corpses?"

"Listen to the admiral," said Roldan, bowing deeply. "He has piloted us safely across the boundless ocean, we must trust his wisdom in this also."

Then he walked away; but when he stood behind Ojeda, he whispered in his ear: "He is a foreigner; what does he care for spilt Spanish blood?"

The admiral landed, himself, to visit the chief, Guacamari. Chanca, the surgeon, accompanied him, and among the soldiers was Marchena again.

"Caonabo, Maynin," murmured Ojeda, as they marched through the tall grass, "it is all the same what these wretches are called. They all are rapacious dogs, a band of murderers—no better than the remorseless cannibals on the other islands."

"You are right, Ojeda," replied a short, stout man, Castaneda by name, who had turned his back to Spain because of too frequent conflicts with the law. "They deserve death. These gold coins are far too good to hang in the ears and noses of these devils. They must fill our purses. Let us pull their ears out and cut off their noses."

"Shame on you, Castaneda," said Marchena. "They are men like us."

"Ha, ha!" laughed Castaneda, "look at the dainty doll! You really deserve to be the admiral's favorite!"

Marchena flushed. Doll! Should he submit to such insult? He was about to answer the mocker, but at this moment they heard calls from the advance guard.

An Indian village had been reached. Six or seven miserable huts built of light staves and grass formed the whole number. All was silence, not an inhabitant was in sight; they had fled from the approaching Spaniards.

"Ha, let us rummage the pig-pen," cried Castaneda. "They are men like us, and do not even know how to build a decent house!"

They entered the low hovels.

"Gang of thieves!" cried Castaneda. "Here we have it! Ha, is that a fine Moorish mantle; and see, rolled up just as it came from Castile! They have stolen it, but it was valueless to them. Such pariahs do not even know how to put on clothes! And here are stockings—they prefer to run barefoot—and what is an anchor doing here! They surely do not wish to anchor their frail little skiffs!"

"That is wreckage," cried Ojeda; "the anchor belonged to the admiral's first ship, which stranded here on this coast; it belonged to the *Santa Maria!*"

"Halt!" cried Marchena, "here hangs something; it feels quite hard through the covering. Comrades, it is a ham!"

He drew out his knife and cut the cloth casing, but he started back, deathly pale.

"Ha, dolly, are you afraid?" said Castaneda scornfully, and sprang up to it. "Let us see what it is. Oh! a man's head! But it did not belong upon a Spanish neck; it is a beardless Indian's head; perhaps it is the chief's, the king of this village, which is hung up in this stately hut, this most magnificent of temples; let us leave it hanging! It is human, Marchena, to bury the dead thus!"

The Spaniards left the huts after they had taken with them the property of the murdered settlers of Navidad. Similar finds had been made in the other huts.

They tarried no longer in the deserted village, and pushed on to the residence of Guacamari. The same miserable huts met their gaze, as they reached the village situated in very low lands.

"In truth a magnificent country this, to which

the admiral leads the nobility of Castile," said Castaneda, approaching Ojeda.

"Hush, he is the king's viceroy," said Roldan. "But we will not be premature in our judgment. Who knows? Perhaps this Mr. Guacamari sits on a golden throne or lies in a bed of solid gold."

Beside Columbus, Roldan, Ojeda, Marchena, and the physician Chanca entered the hut in which the sick chief lay. His bed was not of solid gold, but it astonished the Spaniards. No, such a swinging bed they had never seen before. It was a netting of strong cotton threads, and fastened by both ends to the posts of the hut.

"That is curious," said Castaneda, "I should like to pitch the fellow out at once and see how one can sleep in it."

One must pardon the Spaniards their astonishment, for it was the first hammock which they had ever seen in their lives.

With the help of the interpreters the admiral sought to communicate with the chief. The latter laid all the blame of the Spaniards' murder upon the chiefs Caonabo and Maynin. He himself had been wounded in the fight by a stone from a sling.

"Lies have short legs," said Ojeda; "see how they contradict themselves. His cousin said

Guacamari was wounded by a spear-thrust, and Guacamari himself speaks of slings."

"Doctor," said Castaneda, "you might examine the wound."

Chanca did in fact offer to cure the chief, but it was too dark in the room to examine the wounded foot, and so, leaning upon Columbus, the chief went out into the open air.

The foot was bandaged. Chanca loosened the cloths, but was unable to find the slightest trace of a wound. Nevertheless the chief complained of unbearable agony.

"Look at the liar!" cried Castaneda.

"He is guilty of the murders in Navidad," burst out Ojeda.

"Hush, friends," said Roldan, so softly that the admiral could not hear him, "they were only Spaniards, no Genoese."

"Admiral," said Ojeda, advancing, "their guilt is proved. The chief must be arrested. Our countrymen's blood cries for vengeance. An example must be made. These savages must learn that they cannot murder Spaniards and go unpunished."

But Columbus shook his head.

"Is not his village burned down?" he replied. "Was he not forced to flee to this desert place?

Much speaks against him, but also much for him. Let us be mild and not too hasty in our judgment. When I first came to this country, where God willed for me to undergo severe trials, Guacamari was my friend. I cannot forget that; and besides you did not understand what we spoke about together; he complained of the manner in which the Spaniards have oppressed his people."

The admiral was silent and stood absorbed in thought. Before his eyes the fate of Navidad, the first settlement founded by him, now rose clearly.

Instead of meeting the natives cordially, the settlers had treated them horribly. Doubtless first of all, the little king Guacamari and his people had been subjugated. All his gold had been taken from him, his people enslaved. He must obey the powerful strangers; he sighed under their yoke. But these strangers, after plundering Guacamari's district, had extended their plundering expeditions. They attacked the neighboring, more powerful tribes, but overestimated their power. But thirty-nine Spaniards had remained in Navidad, each single chief could place hundreds of warriors in the field. Thus the Spaniards must have been vanquished in the skirmishes; the bodies on the shore of Monte Christi proved it.

Encouraged by these successes, the savages resolved wholly to exterminate these oppressors who seemed to have fallen from the clouds. The chiefs formed an alliance. One night their warriors advanced stealthily upon Navidad. In the fight Guacamari's village, as well as the settlers' fortress, was destroyed. The enemies were dead, and the oppressed Indians breathed freely. Guacamari wisely had been but an inactive spectator of this fight probably. Thus thought the admiral, and without anger for the chief.

But while Columbus, with bleeding heart, pondered upon the fatal story of his first settlement, Roldan whispered to his comrades: "Do you notice, the Spaniards were the first to begin the fight; it is the fault of the Spaniards that they were killed."

"Only wait," replied Castaneda, "we will soon be commanded to serve Mr. Guacamari as lackeys; but he does not seem rich to me; the feathers on his head are not worth much, and the two gold pieces in his ears are not even worth a ducat. Oh, it is a rich land to which the Genoese has brought us."

Guacamari followed Columbus to the ship. There he found the Indian women whom they had brought away from the Carib Islands. The

chief conversed with the women in his language, which was so incomprehensible to the Spaniards; then he admired the horses and cattle which Columbus had brought with him from Spain. The animals were new to him, for on the Antilles, except dogs, rats, and such like, there were no large animals. A hundred years later, indeed, Hispaniola was the Eldorado of bull-fights, but these bulls descended from animals which had run away from the Spanish settlements, and had become wild among the savannas of Hispaniola. A hundred years later there were droves of wild horses and herds of wild swine. But these were, so to say, gifts which the Old World had brought to the island kingdom of the Antilles.

All this was new to the chief Guacamari. But he was not seized with a religious awe of the whites who were one day under Cortez to make the civilized emperors of Mexico and Peru tremble. No, Guacamari was a wily savage and knew how to help himself.

At even, he returned to his village, having escaped in the darkness with the Indian woman with whom he had spoken. And when the Spaniards landed to demand back their captives, there was not a trace to be found of either Guacamari or his subjects.

Weary with vain seeking, the Spaniards returned to their ships, and Roldan said scornfully: "How well the admiral knows these savages! Did he not wish yesterday to found a city here on the site of the destroyed Navidad? I fear we will starve here, for our provisions are on the wane, and I see neither wheat nor rye fields. These people prepare themselves a kind of flour out of roots, and eat rats and fishes, but that is no suitable food for any length of time for a Castilian stomach."

Thus dissatisfaction increased among the people even at their first landing upon the blessed island of Hispaniola. The majority of the Spaniards had come here thinking that they could here collect treasures of gold without the slightest exertion, and return as wealthy men to the Old World by the first ship that sailed. They now perceived a country which in spite of all its natural beauty seemed poor to them, with its destroyed fortresses and desolate, miserable villages.

"He filled his mouth a little too full," sneered Castaneda, "but we should have told ourselves from the start, that in Genoa bragging is part of the trade."

"And it was not even an honorable battle," complained Ojeda; "the wretched robbers seem to venture nocturnal attacks alone."

All these speeches cut young Marchena to the heart. He had learned from Garcia Hernandez that long voyages are of other value to humanity beside mere collecting of glittering gold. By them the treasures of human knowledge are enlarged. And how greatly that was the case here! Other human beings, new kinds of birds, unknown flowers, trees of all kinds, so totally different from those which grew in Spain. At each step the eye was caught by new sights, everywhere an inexhaustible fund for thought was offered to the mind. The words of Erastothenes, which Marchena had heard from Garcia's lips, echoed in the boy's heart: that in the distant regions of the earth there might be new island worlds, and that on these, as Strabo added, the animals and plants must also be of different appearance.

How often already on this journey had he watched the admiral, as he stood thoughtfully before a tree or bush, as he dug up a root and tried to taste it. Columbus not only sought for gold, but wished also to find out the other treasures of nature. In truth, to accomplish this it was necessary to toil hard; and in the crowd of adventurous Castilians who had followed him, there were but few who really wished to work.

The detachment sent to search for Guacamari

had again assembled in the ships. Columbus himself must now give up his plan of rebuilding Navidad. Besides, the country here was moist and swampy, and therefore unhealthy. He sailed farther along the coast to find a suitable place for the founding of a colony.

This short voyage was much harder than the long one across the ocean, for day by day storms arose, contrary winds which prevented them either from landing or advancing. For three months the fleet battled with the elements, until at length, ten miles on the other side of the harbor of Monte Christi, a place was found upon which a new settlement could be built.

With ardent prayers of thanks the Spaniards landed, for their sufferings had been unbounded. They had lived on short rations to save provisions; many had been ill, and nearly all were weakened. Now they all longed for the Indian food, for that kind of turnip which the Indian women offered for sale in tall baskets. The Indians called them *ages;* they were the American potatoes.

At this time the Castilians did not ask for gold—they only wished to purchase food; and how glad they were that the savages would give it to them in exchange for all kinds of valueless trifles, even for china and glass beads.

Marchena sat shivering beside a quickly kindled fire; he was feverish and hungry at once! Castaneda had borne all the trials of this dangerous voyage better; he glanced scornfully at the young man and said: "Dolly, we have not seen each other for months. You were always on the admiral's ship; but say, Dolly, you look very pale. If only you had remained in Castile!"

He walked on, for in this moment of need he had his little business to attend to. While others traded for the necessaries of life, Castaneda began to bargain with the Indians for gold.

VIII.

From the mountains whose summits could be seen in the distance, a clear stream descended and emptied into the sea. At the mouth of this stream the city of Isabella was founded. It was bounded on one side by water and such a steep group of rocks that the city needed scarcely any fortifications; the other side was enclosed by such a thick hedge that even a rabbit could scarcely slip through. The trees and bushes were so fresh and green that they would resist any fire.

A scene of great activity soon presented itself here. The axe resounded in the forest, and logs were hauled to build strong block-houses; they even began to divert a branch of the stream, and, according to the architect's plan, lead it through the city to turn the wheels of saw-mills, and thus be enabled to build all kinds of factories for which water-power is required.

The Indians came and were astónished. What kinds of tools were these? What was that dark,

shining metal which pierced the hardest metal? The iron appeared much more valuable to them than all the gold of the island, for these savages were unacquainted with it. Their knives, axes, and spears they made of stone, as did our forefathers in Europe, in the dark ages. But while some settlers built the city, others handled spades, and laid out gardens in this New World, in which all kinds of vegetables and grains were sown. Now they wondered at the fertility of the soil and the mildness of the climate, for all these plants grew more in a week here than in three at home.

There were, to be sure, disappointments also, for the chief subsistence of man, the grains which they had brought with them from Europe, would not thrive. Affairs did not run as smoothly here as on Crusoe's wonderful island.

Nothing makes men happier than work—hard, continuous work. It banishes all evil thoughts; envy and dissent have no power over really industrious people. The Spaniards must now work, that they knew; they must have roofs to cover their heads before they could think of anything else, and there were over a thousand people working diligently here.

Unfortunately they could not all work with the same strength. This perpetual spring of the

Antilles was treacherous. It did not strengthen their frames with its mild breezes, but enervated them. Fever lurked in the damp hollows and swamps, and laid one after another of the Christians upon a sick-bed. The admiral also fell a victim, and was so weak and ill that for three months he was unable to write up his diary.

Young Marchena took as good care of him as he could; he saw that all Dr. Chanca's orders were carried out minutely. Although he himself was weak and ill, he did not leave the bedside of the admiral, who was for him no foreigner, no Genoese, but a great hero.

Columbus' brother, Diego, as the Spaniards had translated his name, Giacomo, meanwhile undertook the governing of the new settlement. Now the Spaniards grumbled still more. "I had thought you would be the representative of the invalid," said Roldan to Margarite, and the latter replied:

"The precedence really belongs to the judge, Roldan; but hush! viceroys and rulers should here be foreigners alone; the Spaniards are good enough to die for the fame of the Genoese."

Now Marchena appeared among his friends, so he was eyed askant.

"The doll is not so stupid as you think," said

Castaneda, when they were again alone; "the boy is sly: he ingratiates himself more and more with the admiral; he will some fine day be made *adelantado* (governor). You will see!"

But better times were in store. In spite of sickness and want, the city, such as it was, was built. The cattle brought with them from Europe throve fairly well on the neighboring meadows. The Spaniards had gradually accustomed themselves to the food which the land afforded, and from time to time received rations from the ship supplies. The Indians of the region were reduced partly to a tributary state, and forced to pay a tribute of the fruits of their land to the white men. And they did so willingly enough, for what wonderful beings these were, who rode these horses, these strange animals! They both admired and feared the Spaniards. What availed their lances against the machines which spit fire, or against the sharp ring of Toledo steel? The Spaniards had brought something else with them before which the Indians recoiled in terror—dogs, but no lap-dogs like the tame animals of the Antilles, but those feared bloodhounds which were trained to fight human beings, and which later filled the New World with horror of their deeds. Later there were celebrated bloodhounds

in the bands of Spanish adventurers, which often tore in pieces more Indians than their masters could kill, and in the division of booty won a larger share than the bravest soldier. Even at that time, the Spaniards had brought these fighting comrades to the New World, and one or the other unruly Indian had felt their sharp teeth. There were no beasts of prey upon the island of Hispaniola, and so these new opponents seemed all the more fearful to the Indians.

At first the Spaniards had been unable to understand the Indians' speech, but gradually from necessity they learned this language, and the chaplain, Boyle, could begin the difficult task of conversion.

But unfortunately the conquerors of the New World were not active in the work of Christianizing these Indians. The Spaniards were still barbarians; the influence of the Moorish rule had not yet been overcome; and in Andalusia, slave markets still flourished. Besides, they regarded the Indians as inferior beings; the settlers considered themselves their unbounded masters, and made slaves of the natives whenever they chose. That was the custom of the times, and even Columbus made no scruple of sending living cargoes back to Spain.

Meanwhile they had been busy making inquiries as to gold mines in the neighborhood. The brave Ojeda undertook a journey of exploration to Niti, where Caonabo, the murderer of the Christians, lived, and returned with tangible proofs of the wealth of gold in the land, in the shape of nuggets of gold as thick as his finger.

But news had been brought to the admiral of a land still richer in gold. It lay but twenty Spanish miles from the city of Isabella, and was called Cibao.

Cibao! What recollections and suspicions did this name awaken in Columbus' mind!

On his first journey he had been firmly convinced that in Cuba he had reached the east coast of Asia, the land of the great khan; now the richest region of this island was called Cibao; was not this name similar to Cipango—that island rich in gold which lay off the east coast of Africa? Yes, in his mind there was no longer any doubt that he was now upon this island; and so he resolved to visit Cibao himself.

He selected the most reliable men, and with floating flags and to the sound of martial music the admiral marched into the interior of the land.

They found a charming region, both mountainous and with level stretches of grass land; numer-

ous streams had their sources in the mountains, and along these streams were built the natives' huts. Around these huts stretched fields of potatoes.

The Indians received the exploring Spaniards with awe, and, when they were questioned about gold mines, pointed to the sand along the banks of the rivers. Detachments were sent out in different directions, and with feverish haste the soldiers began to dig in the sand and wash it out.

Cries of joy resounded from all sides: each of the gold-washers held in his hand little grains and lumps of the noble metal. The first results encouraged the seekers; the work was continued from early morning to late in the night of the next days; the Indians were forced into the work, and the grains increased with each hour; they even found lumps of gold as large as a hazelnut, and one day the delighted admiral held in his hand a shining nugget as large as a goose-egg.

He had not deceived himself. God had led him in the right way; he certainly now stood upon the soil of the gold island Cipango, and another thought flashed through his mind—he had found the gold-yielding Ophir of Solomon.

Now he could return to Isabella, could send back the superfluous ships to Spain, laden with

specimens of the treasures discovered, and beg the king to send fresh supplies. Supplies—these the new settlers needed above everything. Clothes, tools, drugs, all these the old home must furnish in the beginning. Yes, even flour and meat, for the Spaniards could not live upon the food of the savages alone.

Columbus surveyed his magnificent Ophir, and with proud emotion named it Vega-real. Here should the first advance stations of the Spaniards in the interior of the country be erected. Margarite was stationed in a block-house with sixty soldiers, to guard the rich gold mines.

In the eyes of the admiral this gold was no ownerless property: it belonged to the king of Spain, and to him, the discoverer; therefore he made a law that each person should deliver a third part of the gold found to the government in Isabella. Margarite was chosen to see to the enforcing of this order, to which the Spaniards, dazzled by the glitter of such abundant treasure, submitted without a murmur.

But the admiral was no adventurer who was bent only on the search for gold; his ambition soared higher—he did not wish the title of viceroy to be but an empty name, and so he sought to assure the future of his colony from the outset.

In the neighborhood of Isabella, attempts at farming had already been made. The soil in Vega-real seemed to him even more fruitful, and the wide savannas especially adapted to cattle-raising. Therefore a farming station should also be laid out here near the gold mines.

Columbus mentally passed in review the band of men who had crossed the ocean with him.

Who of all these was best suited to carry out this plan? He thought of the most distinguished, but was forced to abandon this idea with a shake of the head. These people had come to the New World with other intentions. They had heard of boundless riches, and wished to accumulate these so as to return home wealthy as soon as possible.

They all thought only of gold, of enjoyment, but drew back at the thought of work. Planters! farmers! No, these occupations they would not engage in; they could have been these in Spain.

"See the foreigner," the colonists already murmured among themselves; "he wishes to make us his vassals!"

Then his eyes fell upon young Jacob de Marchena. In the cloister where he had received his education, he had also learned gardening; he had been obliged to work with the rest, and knew how to dig and plant as did scarcely another

among the settlers. In the vegetable gardens of Isabella he was the most industrious worker. And he had yet another advantage: of almost all the adventurers who had sailed under Columbus' banner to take possession of the New World, he was perhaps the only one who had sympathy or pity for the Indians, who perceived in them his brother-men. When they performed their enforced tasks in the fields of Isabella, he did not swing a stick over their backs if the work proceeded slowly; he sought to teach them, to encourage them by good work, and that was easy for him, as he was actively engaged in learning the language of the savages, and trying to understand their manner of thinking. Thus he recognized the deep gulf which separated the Indians from the Europeans. In his eyes, these savages were spoiled children who must be brought into the right way by painstaking training.

This young man seemed to Columbus peculiarly suited to here win from the earth other treasures than glittering gold. He was seldom seen among the gold-washers, but could be found at the outskirts of the forest, collecting plants, digging roots; or he was found engaged in conversation with the Indians, from whom he learned the value of his finds.

Yes, here was a man such as Columbus sought. The admiral summoned Marchena and gave him his commissions.

How the young man's eyes sparkled! he felt so pleased at this confidence that he kissed the admiral's hand.

Thus Marchena was made first *haciendero* in the delightful Vega-real, situated between two ranges of mountains, and his *hacienda* was subject, not to Colonel Margarite, but to the representative of the admiral directly, to his brother, Diego.

Marchena could choose land for the buildings where he would. He received some head of cattle of which he was to have charge, he received farming utensils, a supply of sugar-cane, grapevine cuttings, and several kinds of seeds, but no laborers. It would be hard indeed for the young man to find a Spaniard who would obey him; he must seek his laborers, himself, among the Indians.

He soon found a suitable site in Vega-real, at the foot of the wooded mountains, for his settlement and an Indian village, which from this time should be subject to him. Then the cattle were driven thither from Isabella. The king's bailiff, Marchena, followed proudly; he passed the gold-washings and Margarite's fort and pushed on. He purposely wished to avoid the gold-seekers,

and had therefore settled some miles distant from them. He relinquished the protection of the soldiers, for he wished not to make war upon the Indians, but to live in peace with them. He relied firmly upon another, higher protection, without which—his guardian's words still rang in his heart—all the letters of princes and all the protection of the world cannot avail.

The gold-seekers let him go his way.

The brave Ojeda smiled scornfully. But Castaneda accosted him and said: "I wish you much good fortune, Sir Haciendero; but one need not cross the ocean to attain that. You could have been a cowherd in Spain!"

Marchena paid no attention to this speech. He went his way, thinking: "If in spite of all their gold they become hungry some fine day, they will come to me soon enough!"

IX.

Months had passed. On a hill in Vega-real rose the little *hacienda*, a small but pleasant house with a veranda. Upon this veranda, the bailiff, Marchena, sat of evenings, and surveyed his kingdom.

On the north side of the house, along which ran the veranda, gay flowering tropical plants grew, but on the other side the grapevines had already taken root and bloomed for the first time in Hispaniola. Before the veranda, in a sheltered situation, were beds of all kinds of vegetables: here stood radishes, there parsley; yonder yellow blossomed cucumber and melon vines climbed stout sticks, Europe's children who throve well in the tropics.

Bailiff Marchena took pleasure in them, but the bailiff Marchena was a clever man; he knew very well that he could not satisfy hungry stomachs with these. His fields lay elsewhere, at the foot of the hill.

There were little patches of wheat, rye, and barley, but they looked very unpromising. If he could but obtain a crop! He himself had little hope for this year.

On this island he had had no predecessor in Spanish farming; he did not understand the climate; he must first become familiar with the change of seasons, so as to govern his planting thereby. He was convinced that in time his efforts would succeed, but for the present he must do without rye and wheat bread.

But during this period of his efforts, he had no desire to suffer from hunger, and so near these experimental fields he had others of a more certain character. In these he planted what the land already yielded—potatoes and beans—which were far finer than the kind of bean then known to Europe. Of these he had now a great supply, and was proud that his *hacienda* could now be of assistance to the Spaniards at the gold-washings. At the back of the hill along a clear stream lay the huts of his laborers who had settled there with their wives and children. He had brought them from the Indian village near by, after having chosen them as the best and most reliable men. At first they had gone unwillingly, but now a friendly relation seemed established. Near the

village was a large enclosure in which the cattle grazed. These were his greatest care, for they became more and more wild, and betrayed a desire to wander over the wide plains of Vega-real. In spite of all teaching, the Indians did not understand how to manage them. The swine were far less trouble to him.

However, the *haciendero* was satisfied with his efforts, and now toward sunset he sat down to rest, while he drank a glass of lemonade and—smoked a cigar. Yes, a cigar. Living on his secluded farm, among the Indians, he had taken up the habit of smoking, and passed many leisure hours gazing after the clouds of smoke, parted by the breeze.

A well-known sound which he had not heard for many a day roused him from his reveries: was not that the tramp of horses' hoofs?

He looked up. Yes, the figures of two riders appeared above the tall grass of the savannas, and they were coming from the gold mines.

Who could it be? Who had time there to leave the gold-washing and visit him in his loneliness?

The riders came nearer; he recognized the one in advance, and a look of pleasure lit up his face. "Welcome, Ojeda!" he cried, at the top of his

voice, but his face soon darkened, for in the other rider he recognized Castaneda.

"An unusual visit!" he said, as the riders dismounted, and hitched the horses to the posts of the veranda. "What brings you to me, Ojeda?"

Ojeda stood still, and looked around the place. "You are indeed finely fixed, Marchena," said he, "you even have flowers climbing over the veranda. And these smooth paths, this fine vegetable garden, and there the broad potato and bean fields. Friend, you could keep a regiment with this farm; it was wrong in you to settle so far from our fort. But, joking aside! we are really hungry, and from this farm refreshments beckon to the rider!"

"How can I serve you?" asked Marchena, smiling.

"How can he serve us!" cried Ojeda. "This proud expression! Friend, we live upon potatoes, potatoes, nothing but potatoes. They send us less and less from Isabella. The admiral has gone on further explorations, and his dear brother Diego plays the niggard more than ever. We are hungry and would even be content with Indian bread."

"What, Indian bread!" interrupted Castaneda, "you must not be so modest, Ojeda; he can give

us more. Is he not the owner of herds? Can he not kill a calf?"

"That I must not do," replied Marchena; "you know, Castaneda, the admiral forbade it. These cattle are for breeding purposes, the nucleus of the future herds of cattle of Hispaniola. But wait a little; I will order my cook to roast a duck."

"Roast duck!" cried Ojeda, "what a bill of fare!"

"And if you will stay until to-morrow, in honor of the day we will have a roast pig."

"The man lives like a prince," said Ojeda, "he probably has butter and milk also."

"And he drinks tobacco smoke like an Indian," replied the other; "keeps cooks who know how to roast ducks. This is in truth an excellent discovery, worth a gold mine for Hispaniola. We must come here often to satisfy our hunger. Only we must say nothing about this in Cibao, or the regiment would come and eat the *hacienda* out. You know that they already have planned to send a cattle requisition here."

Meanwhile Marchena reappeared. On a wooden plate he brought a kind of flat cake, and offered it to his guests as a luncheon."

"What is that?" asked Ojeda, "it tastes excellent."

"It is cassava bread," replied Marchena. "My chief article of food after the potato. Would you like to see the plant from which it comes?"

He led his guests through the vegetable garden to a hedge of bushes about six feet high, and with hand-shaped leaves.

One of these was half pulled from the earth. Marchena cut off a bit of the root with his knife, and said to his guests: "See what a quantity of milky sap this root contains. Do not taste it—it is sharp and poisonous. But in the root there is a kind of flour. It must be powdered, washed often and pressed, then dried by the fire; and from this comes a fine flour of which we bake such bread as this."

"Magnificent!" cried Castaneda.

"Yes, this New World offers us more than we think," cried Marchena, enthusiastically. "What timber I have seen in the forests! I must sometime beg Don Diego to send me over a joiner."

"What are you thinking of!" replied Ojeda. "You live here like a hermit in the desert, and do not know what goes on out in the world. In the colonies we have no time to think of such things. There are rumors of trouble with the Indians; they would like to make a second Navidad of Isabella; in the gold districts it has already

come to skirmishes—a Spaniard has fallen. We must take the lead of these savages!"

"What, you wish to make war?" asked Marchena, painfully moved.

"The band becomes rebellious," replied Ojeda, defiantly. "Before all, the dog Caonabo, who has as yet received no punishment for the massacre of Navidad. Tell me, does not a path lead over the black mountains behind this farm to Caonabo, and a path over which one can easily ride?"

"A path certainly does lead there," replied Marchena, "but at the top of the mountain it is so steep that riding would be impossible there."

"My horse is sure-footed," said Ojeda confidently; "can you show me the way?"

"Certainly," replied Marchena; "you can see it on my map, and to-morrow I will take you there. But I tell you the path is at most fit only for Harras, the bold leaper."

"Map?" asked Castaneda; "do you draw maps here?"

"Yes, I note the paths, so that I shall not lose my way in my wanderings through the woods."

"You probably are looking for gold, then?" asked Castaneda ironically.

Marchena started, but then he answered calmly: "No, that is not the object of my walks. I seek

roots and fragrant woods; for if this is the border of India, then cloves, cinnamon, nutmegs, and sandalwood must grow here, and these would be as valuable as gold to Spain."

"I should like to see the map," said Ojeda, "but it has grown dark, and you are probably saving of light," he continued jokingly. "Tell me, have you a candle left? They are all gone at Margarite's fort."

"I have a lamp which costs nothing," was Marchena's answer.

"How so? Is this another miracle?"

"Look out at the savannas," answered Marchena; "do you not see the many million sparks which shine among the grasses? They are fireflies. Catch them and they will illuminate the night for you."

"An original idea," said Ojeda; "you are an artist in a thousand."

"You are mistaken; I only learn from the savages. The idea originated with them of catching a dozen of these insects, putting them in a perforated gourd, and thus manufacturing a night lamp," replied Marchena.

The three Spaniards returned to the house; they seated themselves upon the veranda, and Marchena brought the gourd lamp and his map.

BY THE LIGHT OF THE PUMPKIN LAMP.

In fact, by holding the map close to the lamp, by the greenish light of these fireflies the details of the map could easily be distinguished.

"I recognize the landscape," said Ojeda; "here is the mountain range which separates us from Caonabo; so, here are woods, here are brooks, and what does this little cross mean here?"

"That," replied Marchena slowly, as though he wished first to consider, "that is a spot where I rested upon a rock; from there one has a fine view of a valley. It is a sign of mine—nothing of importance."

Castaneda listened. The tone of voice seemed peculiar to him. "Nothing of importance," he thought to himself. "Does one make crosses upon a map if no importance attaches to the spot?"

He took the card from Ojeda's hand and wished to notice more closely the spot marked with the cross. But at this moment, as if accidentally, Marchena hit the gourd lamp, so that it fell from the primitive table on the edge of the veranda, and the fireflies lay scattered on the ground.

"Do not spoil your eyes, Castaneda," said Marchena hereupon, while he took the map and put it in his pocket. "I will show you the way early to-morrow. Then all will be much clearer. The map might only confuse you."

The evening was spent in eating the roast duck, which was very tough, but tasted delicious to the starving gold-seekers, and the guests told of their experiences and the prevailing mood in Isabella and the fort.

"It is really shameful in the Genoese to demand the third part of the winnings," said Ojeda. "Even the church claims but a tenth, and the king contents himself with an eleventh share."

"Yes, the king is rich," sneered Castaneda, "but the vice-king wishes to be rich. But his greed will avail him nothing. Margarite has not the eyes of Argus. He puts aside what he can, himself, and so do many others; and when they have enough, then—well, they will find companions who also wish to return to Spain without further delay. And will that be so hard for them? They will simply mutiny, take possession of a ship, and set sail."

"That would be contemptible," cried Marchena furiously. "It would be black ingratitude to the man who brought us to this magnificent land."

"Calm yourself," replied Castaneda, ironically. "In Isabella, where fever rages and sickness carries off men, they do not call the land so magnificent. Calm yourself, or, if you will, go to Cibao and Isabella and there preach fidelity and obedience

to the admiral and vice-king; for I put nothing aside, and have no idea of being so contemptible, even in dealing with a foreigner."

"Friends, why are you quarrelling there?" said Ojeda. "It is getting late, and to-morrow we wish to explore the country. Let us go to sleep!"

X.

The next morning Ojeda and Marchena swung themselves in their saddles, and rode up the mountain. Marchena rode Castaneda's horse. No horse had been placed at the *haciendero's* disposal. Only part of the soldiers were mounted.

Castaneda remained at the farm. He had looked after the riders for some time, then he went into the house. He was alone: the Indian servant who had wished to keep him company he had immediately sent away; then he walked through the two rooms which formed Marchena's house, and inspected the furniture.

A primitive cupboard stood in the first room. Impelled by curiosity Castaneda opened it. There were even drawers in it. What need had this Marchena of joiners from Isabella? He was an excellent carpenter.

In this cupboard all sorts of things were stored: roots, leaves, dried fruits. "An apothecary," said Castaneda scornfully, and walked on.

In Marchena's bedroom he found something which enchained his attention much more. It was a wooden trunk, with a lock, one of those in which the first emigrants brought their trifles of private property from Spain. This trunk had a lock and was locked! This did not vex Castaneda. On the contrary it filled him with joy. There was certainly something in this trunk which every one was not to see, and such secrets had always had a peculiar charm for Castaneda, and at this moment, too, he felt especially attracted to that old Spanish trunk.

There were no panes of glass in the windows of the room. They were only brought much, much later to America. The windows were closed with massive shutters, the room was almost dark, as the light only penetrated through the half-open door of the next room. This twilight pleased Castaneda, for he seated himself beside the wooden trunk and smiled with satisfaction.

But after a while he rose and went into the next room. He bolted the door leading outdoors, and looked out of the window. Not a soul was in sight about the house. Several Indians were at work in the fields at some distance, and the man who acted as Marchena's body-servant was just then sauntering toward the Indian village.

Castaneda nodded contentedly, and returned to the bedroom.

He sank down upon the floor before the trunk and fairly embraced it, as though it were a dear living being. Then he bent forward and inspected the keyhole. He smiled pleasantly and drew from under the folds of his mantle a leather purse.

This purse Castaneda had filled while in Spain, not with gold, but with a metal far more valuable in Hispaniola—with iron.

He opened the purse and a number of various sized keys could be seen—an assortment of keys with which one could open a number of locks, especially here on the Antilles; for the Spanish emigrants had only brought simple locks with them. Castaneda had noticed that in Spain.

He now glanced at the keyhole once more, and then selected one of the keys; he tried it in the keyhole. How strange! it fitted. How easily he unlocked the trunk! He was a fine artist, this Castaneda.

Carefully he now raised the lid and glanced at Marchena's belongings. A mantle lay spread out on top; Castaneda inspected it carefully, each fold and button. Then he slowly raised it, removed it from the trunk, and placed it on the floor, folded

just as it had lain in the trunk. Now he inspected the lower part. Here was no more such order. Different things, a pair of shoes, a pair of stockings, a woollen shirt, and such articles lay piled on top of each other in wild confusion. But Castaneda even wished to make this confusion yet greater. His long, thin fingers rummaged in the depths of the trunk.

And see! After a few minutes his face betokened great excitement. Once more his fingers felt carefully over the things, and then a devilish expression of joy came over the yellow face of the Castilian. "I have found it!" his eyes said.

After one more moment of careful search, he drew a leather purse like his from the bottom, and opened it carefully. He looked in.

Now his expression changed. His face depicted great astonishment.

Gold! It was genuine gold that he held in his hands. But it was no such gold as they washed out of the sands of the rivers in Cibao; these were nuggets, lumps as thick as his fingers. This was mountain gold. This Marchena had discovered gold mines, and, from all appearances, immensely rich gold mines.

Castaneda trembled with excitement. He laid the purse down upon the floor beside the mantle;

and continued his search in the trunk. He found nothing more; but was not that which lay before him enough?

With trembling hands he laid the purse in its old place, spread the mantle over all, locked the trunk, and went out of doors.

"Just look at this doll!" he thought to himself. "The fellow is much sharper than we think. He has a fine scent. But he finds gold mines and keeps quiet about them. To be sure, who knows what secret agreement Father Juan de Marchena has made with Columbus? Who knows what reward this little Jacob will receive from the admiral? He says nothing to us about it. So the boy wishes to save the mines for the Genoese. When he comes back to Isabella, Marchena will tell him the secret, and will then open the mines with the Indians as laborers. But I will find out this secret.

"But where the devil can this place be! This Marchena goes all over the mountains. One could follow him for a long time. But, halt! I know. He has betrayed himself. The cross—the cross on the map, that is the site of the mines! I must have the map!"

He seated himself upon the veranda and pondered for a long time. Then he seemed to be

satisfied with his plans, and walked over to the Indian village. Only when the two riders returned, toward noon, did he return to the house.

He did not once ask for the map, and he scarcely inquired the result of the expedition; he was the old Castaneda, and did not refrain from bantering Marchena in his usual way, but his mocking referred only to his farming and digging for roots. He did not speak a word of gold discoveries.

Toward evening the two riders departed.

"You live here as luxuriously as a prince," said Castaneda as they departed. "How often I shall think of your flesh-pots when my stomach cries out for food. Pah! There is certainly a great difference between being a farmer and a gold-washer!"

"Yes, there should be a great many more planters," replied Marchena. "Vega-real has room for thousands."

"Do you think so?" said Castaneda, swinging himself into the saddle. "I will consider your proposition."

"Good-by, Ojeda," said Marchena, in farewell to the brave knight. "God protect you! It is a neck-breaking undertaking which you plan to carry out."

"As you will," replied Ojeda. "But tell me,

did not the admiral risk his life when he crossed the ocean for the first time? I know what I am about. I will secure peace and order by one stroke. But we have no time. Thank you for your hospitality, Marchena. Forward, Castaneda."

He spurred his horse, and with the Spanish cry, "Santiago!" he rushed through the savannas.

"Santiago!" murmured Marchena. "Yes, may St. James, the patron saint of the Spaniards, protect you!"

He stood lost in thought. To-morrow, on the other side of that mountain important events were to occur. Perhaps a general war would be the result. But for the present peace was secured to the farm. Ojeda had himself declared the path impassable. In spite of all, it was sad news that Marchena had received. "Why do they oppress the poor people?" he thought to himself. "How pleasantly and peacefully one can live here, rejoicing over the sprouting seed. But this greed of gold ruins everything. How happy for the land if her rocks and rivers did not conceal the curse-laden gold. No, no gold mine shall be opened in my land until the mild admiral comes."

Days passed. In the evening Marchena sat before his house and gazed out upon the savannas.

From time to time he listened intently, but no sound of horses' hoofs broke the stillness. Now the mocking-bird began to sing, and what a wonderful song it was! The nightingale's notes are perhaps more deeply thrilling and go more to the heart, but the mocking-bird is the king of all singers. He can imitate the notes of all birds, and mocks at them all by forming from their disconnected notes a harmonious masterpiece. But in those days it did not attract Marchena's attention. His thoughts were with his friend Ojeda. What had become of him? Marchena could not overcome his anxiety. Accompanied by two Indians, he set out for Cibao.

Yes, it had been a dangerous venture which young Alonso de Ojeda had risked, a mad act of daring, such as only the bold conquerors of the New World could think of. And it had succeeded. In Cibao, Marchena learned all that had happened.

What the Indians had planned was a general massacre of the Christians, and at the head of the conspirators stood the chief Caonabo. Alonso de Ojeda had known how to set aside this dangerous enemy. With a handful of daring companions he sought the chief. He said he came as a friend and wished to honor him. He also brought him

visible signs of this distinction—glittering handcuffs upon which were fastened little bells in which the Indians took especial delight. The chief, in this manner already half captured—for he at once fell into the trap, and put on these bright new bracelets—must then seat himself upon Ojeda's horse, so as to appear, thus adorned with the new insignia of a high rank, in the midst of his people. But instead of riding into the village, as agreed upon, Ojeda, mounted behind the chief, spurred his horse on to the coast. The Indians were so alarmed by the Spanish knight's bold behavior, and the horse, a perfectly strange animal to them, that they thought too late of liberating their lord. Ojeda arrived safely, although exhausted and half starved, in Isabella, where he lodged the chief in the fort. He never saw his home again. The leader of the Indians in their fight against the white oppressors, died on the voyage to Spain, where Columbus was taking him.

Ojeda had not yet returned from Isabella when Marchena arrived in Cibao. Meanwhile Margarite led a wild life with his band. Now that they knew the chief to be in Isabella, detained as a hostage, they oppressed the timid natives even more. Marchena left Fort Margarite with a heavy heart, for before the fort he had seen a verita-

ble slave market. Spaniards bargained with each other for the wives and children of the Indians. But what most pained him was the fact that several of the slaves were reserved for Columbus, who wished to send them back to Spain and sell them there to obtain money for the equipment of new ships. So Marchena returned sadly to his home. The news of the recent events had meanwhile reached even his Indians, for they met him more shyly and reservedly than formerly; several had even left their huts and fled to the woods

But Marchena did not rest until he had won back the confidence of his people; and so better days seemed to have dawned for Vega-real, when one day Ojeda and Castaneda visited him, and the latter declared that he was now weary of the wild life at the fort; he wished to become a planter like Marchena; he had himself spoken with Columbus before the latter's departure, and would very shortly settle in Vega-real as his neighbor.

At this Marchena started; it seemed to him that he saw all his difficultly achieved work totter and fall in ruins. And the news of the admiral's departure seemed a second misfortune to him.

"What? Has Columbus gone already?" he asked in surprise.

"Well, he did not ask your permission, then,"

replied Castaneda, mockingly. "He was in great haste; he must relieve our colonies, and he takes two hundred miserable, sick men back to Spain with him. These will certainly give an edifying account of this magnificent land."

But Marchena stood there with an anxious expression. He had wished to speak with the admiral, to communicate some joyful news to him. But he had suddenly sailed away. When would he return? Yes, would he ever return?

But from under Castaneda's bushy brows a piercing glance fell upon him. He revelled in Marchena's sadness, for he believed that he was sure of its cause.

XI.

Only a ten-minutes walk from the governmental *hacienda* arose a new house a few weeks later, and this was occupied by Castaneda. Until then, Marchena's had simply been called The *hacienda*, as there were no other plantations in Vega-real. Now a particular name became necessary.

Margarite troubled himself but little about the admiral's orders and regulations; the plantations lay within the territory of the fort; he was the commander of the fort; and in his opinion the governor of Vega-real also. The planters, therefore, as well as the soldiers and miners, must obey him.

With this object in view, he made strange rules. The planters must deliver a certain proportion of their crops to feed the soldiers. He imposed these taxes upon them, and he also found names for the two new estates. Owing to Marchena's fidelity to the admiral, he called his

hacienda Liguria, and Castaneda's new settlement King's Court.

This was a malicious christening of the colonel's. The name of Ligurian was hated by most of the Spaniards, and so they looked askance even at the plantation of that name, while the name of King's Court awakened their sympathy. Margarite was not indeed the originator of this idea, another had suggested the name, and this other was Castaneda. He smiled with quiet satisfaction when he saw Marchena's troubled face; for when this name was given his place, Marchena was certain that his countrymen had no friendly feelings toward him. Castaneda knew what he was doing. The plantations should not flourish. Liguria should be ruined, and its founder come to have other objects in life than raising cattle and sowing seed. But King's Court was not so conducted that it would ever flourish. Castaneda troubled himself little about the farm.

He laid out no experimental garden; the natives should manage the fields in their own fashion, so as to pay the demanded tax to the fort. But in order that the Indians should be kept in order, Castaneda had brought strange overseers with him.

At the time that the Spaniards came to the

Antilles, there was great excitement among the Indian tribes. From the American mainland, a robber people overran the little islands; these were the wild Caribs, who were addicted to the horrible crime of cannibalism. Their war-ships were very narrow, but from thirteen to fourteen yards long, so that fifty seamen could find room in them. When favorable winds prevailed, the Caribs raised cotton sails; at other times they used oars to impel these boats, and these oars were handled in time with the leader's.

The aborigines of the Antilles, called by the Spaniards Parias, were peaceable people. The crime of cannibalism was unknown to them; they carried only spears as weapons in combat. And they lived less by hunting than from the scanty crops of their fields, and upon fish.

The Caribs, on the contrary, carried bows and arrows, had always been upon the mainland, a race of hunters, and wilder and more barbarous in their habits.

When, therefore, the Caribs invaded the little islands, they had no pity upon the timid, peaceable natives; they were far superior to them in warfare—they killed the men, ate the children, and took the women captive. The fear of these cannibals was intense and universal. When Co-

lumbus discovered the New World, the Caribs were but partly settled upon Hispaniola.

There were many Carib slaves in Isabella. Castaneda took them with him to his new estate. He made them overseers of the Indian laborers; the Caribs formed his body-guard and also the oppressors of his Indians. The leader of this detachment of Caribs was Callinago, a cunning villain, who had ingratiated himself with his white master.

He formed a true contrast to the colored overseer of Liguria, the young Henry, as his master called him. Henry idolized Marchena. But his reasons for this were of a different nature. In the wild youth's heart, love awakened by Marchena's kindness had taken root.

The difference in treatment of the Indians in Liguria and King's Court was striking. Here peace and order prevailed, there, there were blows, oppression; here the laborers were faithful—there, there were always gaps in the ranks of Indians, owing to some who had run away.

One day (it was quite late in the evening) Henry stood at the hedge of cassava, inspecting it to see from which bushes flour should be prepared, in the course of the next few days. He had just completed his work when twilight had already

fallen, and now walked along the edge of the savanna to look after the cattle in the enclosure.

There was a rustle in the grass. Was not that the light step of a human being? Henry stood still. Perhaps it was one of his workmen.

The tall grass parted, and a young Indian girl emerged, glancing timidly about.

Henry started.

"What are you doing here, Ara?" he asked, for he recognized in the girl one of the workwomen recently brought from the mountains.

"Save me!" she cried supplicatingly, and threw herself on her knees before him.

"Who threatens you?" he asked, glancing around the quiet savanna.

"Callinago torments me!" she cried. "I hate him, and he wishes to kill me for this."

Henry shook his head.

"I cannot help you," he replied sadly. "You must flee to the mountains. Here they will find you and drag you away like the others. Come, let us sit down on the grass and wait until it is night. Then I will show you the way."

"Where to?" asked the girl, bitterly. "Do you not know that our village is burned down? Oh, these Caribs whom the white man has brought here have pillaged, burned, and murdered accord-

ing to their custom. I no longer have a home! You alone can save me," she cried, and clung tightly to the young man.

"I!" said he slowly, with a bitter laugh. "What can I do against Callinago and Castaneda? But wait!" cried he suddenly, while his face brightened. "He—he can; come to him!"

Henry seized the girl's hand and walked slowly with her to Marchena's house.

The moon had just risen; she threw her silvery light over the broad savannas, bathed in mist, and resembling a sea, brought out the dark outlines of the mountains more distinctly, and shone on the backs of the two children of the wilderness, as with beating hearts they approached the veranda.

Upon it sat Marchena, absorbed in thought. He was alone to-day; Castaneda had not visited him—he had gone to the fort. Marchena was struggling with a difficult resolve. The neighborhood of the Caribs and this gold-seeker apparently converted to farming, was obnoxious to him; it demoralized his people and threatened to destroy all the fruits of his hard work. Marchena had found a beautiful, fertile valley on the other side of a low mountain range. It was rather inaccessible, but there one could live in all seclusion

from evil men, quietly and peaceably as in Paradise.

What if he were now to declare that this savanna land was not fertile enough—he wished to leave it? How would it be if he were to tear down his huts and leave Vega-real? He must then certainly begin anew, but there in that secluded valley surely no one would follow him except his faithful laborers. The more he considered it, the better the plan seemed to him.

But could he be so certain that no one would follow him? His neighbor Castaneda had followed him, who surely had no liking or taste for a planter's life, and yet he settled in this corner of Vega-real. Marchena rested his head in his hand. He had thought of this so often. Could Castaneda have guessed his secret? They had once spoken of the cross on the map. But no one had said a word of gold mines.

The secret had been well preserved in his trunk. Castaneda, at the time he and Ojeda visited Marchena, had certainly been alone in the house for hours, but the trunk was safely locked, and Marchena had found everything in order when, after returning from his ride with Alonso, he again inspected his home.

And later! Yes, it was not to be denied that

Castaneda visited his neighbor unceremoniously, and rummaged the rooms in his absence; but the cross was no longer on its old place on the map, and the gold specimens no longer rested in the Castilian chest. They were hidden in the cavity of a tree trunk, deep in the forest, until those should come for whom they were destined.

Yes, although having no just cause of suspicion, yet he did suspect Marchena; he believed that he had discovered gold mines, and perhaps now secretly profited by them. This was not surprising; such thoughts and suspicions were very prevalent among the first Spanish settlers.

Marchena rightly suspected that Castaneda was here merely for purposes of observation; he watched his every step and action; often during his wanderings in the mountains, the form of Castaneda or that of his familiar, the Carib Callinago, would unexpectedly appear. The meetings were always accidental, as these said, but Marchena thought differently.

Would Castaneda now give up his investigations if Marchena changed his residence, or would he not rather follow him like a shadow? The gold mines might be more secure, but the king's bailiff would hardly obtain the rest and peace for which he longed.

He was absorbed in these thoughts when he raised his eyes and saw Henry and Ara advancing in the moonlight to the house. He could not recognize the girl, and even when the two stood close before him he did not know who she was.

Then the pair fell on their knees before him and raised their hands as if pleading for mercy.

"Henry, what does this mean?" he asked in surprise. "Who is the girl? Where does she come from? She seems to be a stranger."

"O master," replied the servant, "she has fled from Callinago, and begs you for safety and protection."

Marchina frowned. So it was one of Castaneda's slaves who hoped to find protection here in Liguria. Oh, Henry and this poor girl had overestimated his power! Far better could one of his slaves seek protection from him in King's Court, for in dispute Margarite would far sooner decide in favor of King's Court than of Liguria. But Marchena would not brusquely dismiss the supplicants, and so he inquired why Ara had fled.

It was a long, sad story. Overpowering, burning, pillage, and the cruellest oppression. Oh, these colored beings had feelings like us. Marchena was touched, and he gazed thoughtfully at his servant Henry, who pleaded for the oppressed

with all his heart. A joyous expression lit up his features until then so gloomy, and he said: "You plead earnestly for the strange slave, Henry. I know but one means by which she can be saved. Will you make her your wife?"

The colored servant was silent. The pale moonlight did not show whether his face expressed joy or astonishment, but Ara threw herself violently at Marchena's feet, and embraced his knees, stammering words of thanks.

"If that is your will, Henry," said Marchena, "then take Ara to one of the huts, and tell her to remain hidden there until I call her. I will speak with her master to-morrow."

The two went away. They were happy, and this happiness seemed as if fallen from Heaven; but he who had bestowed it did not enter his bedroom happily. He did not yet know whether he could soften the heart of the King's Court slave-owner. He indeed hoped that he could buy poor Ara's freedom with solid gold. But he was prepared for a hard bargain, for Castaneda was naturally avaricious, and yet more so when he saw the glittering metal.

The next morning Marchena prepared for his unpleasant visit to his neighbor. He had walked through his vegetable garden and reached the

cassava hedge, when the barking of a dog was heard. Marchena knew this sound; thus did the Spanish bloodhounds bay when they were on a chase.

The young farmer stood still. His face grew grave.

"I need not go to him," he whispered to himself, "this Bezerillo is an excellent hunter. Castaneda will soon be here."

He gazed out across the savanna from whence the baying of a dog came. From the tall flowery grass appeared men's heads from time to time; from the straw hat he recognized Castaneda at once, before him rushed Callinago, and behind followed two other Caribs with bows and arrows. Castaneda discovered his neighbor at the same moment. He gave up the hunt and gave the dog in charge of one of the Caribs. He himself went up to the hedge beside which Marchena stood.

"Good-morning, Castaneda!" cried he. "At work so early?"

"Ha!" replied Castaneda. "A savage has escaped, a doe who has won my Callinago's heart. I have but recently come from the fort with the dog."

"And what is the news there?" asked Marchena, as though this slave-hunt did not interest him.

"What is the news?" replied Castaneda. "Nothing pleasant, my dear neighbor. This Cibao is far from being the Ophir of King Solomon. The gold is only on the surface. The washings yield less and less gold sand; one finds no more nuggets. There are a thousand Indians at work, and yet the winnings are not a fourth of what they were."

"Well, and is the fort to be removed soon?" asked Marchena, with great interest.

"Not at all," replied Castaneda. "Margarite will set more Indians to work. Since Caonabo was taken captive, they are very docile. Margarite says he will not go until he takes the last grain of gold in Cibao away with him."

He gazed out over the savanna. "But this Ara seems to have run around in circles as if mad. What circuits the dog makes! But, halt! Now they are coming directly toward us!"

"Ara—did you say?" hereupon replied Marchena. "Are you looking for this slave, Castaneda? Then you can give up your hunt. I was on my way to you to speak about this matter. She is, so to say, wildly in love. It is the story of an elopement from King's Court to Liguria, and which we must kindly smooth over."

Castaneda glanced closely at Marchena.

"Oh!" said he, "you know where she is?"

"Yes," replied Marchena, "in my village. I wished to speak with you about this very matter."

At this moment the bloodhound Bezerillo sprang out of the grass, ran along the edge of the savanna to the spot where the two neighbors stood, and remained standing there, confused by many traces.

"Bravo, Bezerillo!" cried Castaneda, "you have again done well. But in Liguria they do not hunt Indians. So be very polite, Bezerillo. Do not touch Miss Ara!" He laughed at his joke. Then he turned to the Caribs who also came gasping for breath from the long grass. "Go home, Callinago," he commanded. "I have found Ara; she is here with my friend; and take the dog with you."

Callinago remained motionless.

"Look at the cannibal," said Castaneda derisively, "he will not go without the slave. Go!" said he again, "she is here. Have you become deaf?" Castaneda swung his stick and the Carib now took the dog by the collar, and, glancing furiously around, walked off toward King's Court.

"Now, Marchena," said Castaneda, "we are alone. I am anxious to hear the romance which has been enacted in Liguria."

Marchena took Castaneda's arm in a friendly manner, and led him to his house. While they walked through the vegetable garden, he told him how Henry and Ara had knelt before him in the moonlight. He sought to represent the affair humorously, and not to offend Castaneda by hints at cruelty.

Castaneda walked silently beside his neighbor. From time to time he looked at him closely.

"You will give your consent, will you not?" asked Marchena. "You will do me the favor?"

They already stood upon the veranda, and Castaneda's glance fell accidentally through the open window of the bedroom, upon the well-known locked chest. He silently seated himself upon the bench, and before his eyes rose the map which he was not to ruin his eyes by inspecting closely in the moonlight. Before his eyes shone the fat nuggets which he had been forced to pack and lock up again.

He gazed out upon the savannas, and then his eyes wandered over to the black mountains; it seemed to him that now the favorable opportunity had come to raise the veil of secrecy somewhat. This Marchena had a soft heart, and perhaps Castaneda would succeed in melting this reserved and foolish youth like wax.

"You do not answer, Castaneda," Marchena repeated. "Is it so hard for you to oblige me in this trifling matter?"

"Is it for me to oblige you?" replied he. "In reality your Henry has carried his purpose, and my Callinago has his disappointment. You will see happy faces around you, and my Carib overseer will grumble. Remember, the fellow is a cannibal."

"Well, there can be found means for reconciling him," interposed Marchena.

"Oh, certainly!" replied Castaneda, "you can soften him with a few old beads—but you must not forget that Ara is my slave."

"Have you not slaves enough?" asked Ara's protector.

"You will not understand me," the other burst out. "You should know the state of affairs in Hispaniola. Since ancient times the men here have led a lazy life, and left the field work to the women. The men are of no account for sand-digging and gold-washing, one woman works for ten. They know that in the mines. Unfortunately the women age very rapidly in this warm, moist land, and therefore young, strong workwomen are in great demand. Only think, such a healthy, strong girl as Ara represents a capital. She is skilful,

handy, active. Put her to work at gold-washing, and she will bring you a little heap of gold every day, for she has strong arms, quick fingers, and sharp eyes. Such workwomen are in demand in Cibao. I have spoken to Margarite. He has plenty of money and would be glad to have Ara. He would buy ten, twenty workwomen and pay well for them!"

Marchena gazed at the ground and a slight flush rose to his face, although he sought to control himself. "Thus speaks a Spaniard, thus acts a Christian," he thought to himself, but he dared not express his anger. With his views he was completely isolated here.

"You see, my dear friend and neighbor," continued Castaneda, "you must look at the matter from another side. You must not be vexed with me; but I do not believe that you are acting from pure interest in your Henry alone. Let us be frank: you have a model establishment here, and your Henry is an excellent overseer, you lack only a housekeeper. Now, Madam Ara would make an excellent housekeeper; so, my dear friend, you also would profit by this marriage. We must treat this affair as a business dealing."

Marchena bit his lips. He had never thought that he would bargain for a human being, but

Castaneda spoke plainly, all the roughness and commonness of his character were plainly apparent. He overcame his inward disgust, therefore, and resolved to act. He would not buy Ara for a slave, he would rather buy an unfortunate slave her freedom; and was not that a good work?

"If I understand you rightly," he therefore said, "you will sell Ara?"

"Conditionally, yes!"

"And what do you ask for her?"

"Hm!" said Castaneda slowly. "I must govern myself by the price in Cibao."

"Good! You know my house," said Marchena constrainedly. "You know what I possess. You know my coats and boots, and my Castilian utensils as well as I. So choose something and make me a proposal."

"You are generous, Marchena," replied the slave-dealer, revelling in the uneasiness displayed by Marchena; "you offer the greatest treasures of Hispaniola, which the Castilian surrenders only in utmost need, and which he would not sell even for glittering gold. You astonish me, but I do not wish people to say I have swindled you, not for such an Indian girl. Give her back to me; I will send Callinago to fetch her to-day."

"What, Castaneda?" asked Marchena; "did

you not declare a few minutes ago that you intend selling Ara to Margarite? Is it not the same whether you sell her to me or to him?"

"Pah!" cried Castaneda. "Indeed, it is not the same. You will pay me with coats and boots, which I cannot take back to Castile with me. Admit that in the clothes which we have we can none of us appear at home! With Margarite matters are different. Margarite will shake something into my hand which I can take back to Spain in a little bag, and for which I can receive shirts and boots in abundance. You understand me, from Margarite I will receive for Ara—gold!"

"Oh, if this is your only objection!" cried Marchena. Castaneda sprang up and clasped Marchena's hand.

"Yes, friend," he cried, looking him directly in the eyes, "this only objection, but this is unalterable. Ara or gold! or else Callinago shall fetch her back to King's Court—and this very day!"

He pressed Marchena's hand tighter and asked, whispering in his ear, "Marchena, have you really gold?"

Castaneda's words affected Marchena like the hiss of a venomous serpent. He tore himself away from his avaricious countryman.

"Oh, you press my hand too tightly, Castaneda,"

he cried in excuse. Then he pushed his hair back from his forehead, on which stood pearly beads of sweat and asked, "How much do you require?"

Castaneda drew back a step and laid his finger on his forehead.

"Let me consider," said he.

He considered. How much should he ask? He must receive a large lump of gold so that Marchena should be forced to confess to him where he had found the rich gold mines. An idea occurred to him and he said; "I have just come from the gold washings. I have my scales with me, so we can at once come to an agreement."

He drew a small purse filled with gold from his pocket.

"Here!" he cried, "do you see? They pay this much in Cibao for a slave like Ara! Weigh it in your hand; can you pay so much?"

Marchena took the purse in his hand; it was light, and he therefore replied calmly: "I will see; I think so, Castaneda."

The neighbor smiled with satisfaction.

"Then fetch the gold!" he cried. "Here are the scales," he continued, drawing a small pair of scales from his pocket. "We will weigh the gold; and if it is sufficient, then Ara is yours!"

Marchena went into his house. Castaneda looked curiously into the bedroom. Now Marchena must open the chest and fetch his treasures. The good-natured fellow had fallen into the trap. he must betray his secret. And such a secret! Castaneda would willingly have captured a hundred, a thousand Indians and given them away for this.

But moments passed and there was no sign of Marchena in the bedroom.

"He does not wish to betray himself!" murmured Castaneda. "He is deliberating; but wait, my bird, you will soon be tamed!"

Meanwhile Marchena returned, a leather purse in his hand.

"Oho!" thought Castaneda. "He has hidden it in some other place."

His eyes seemed fairly trying to pierce the purse, and he did not notice that Marchena watched him sharply.

"Here is the gold," said he, handing him the purse, "it will surely suffice."

With feverish haste, Castaneda stretched out his hand and seized the purse. His fingers clutched it and closed tightly over it. But he had expected a different object. The contents were soft and yielding, and the Spaniard's face wore a surprised look.

Marchena watched the avaricious man with disgust; he seemed to him like a bird of prey sweeping down upon his victim.

Meanwhile Castaneda hastily opened the purse and looked in. His features expressed a disappointment, boundless disappointment; he ran his fingers into the gold as if he sought something therein. Then he hissed out an angry curse from between his teeth. There were no lumps of gold in the little purse; it contained merely gold-dust such as he had seen in the old washings.

"It is indeed gold, Castaneda, real gold," said Marchena, now sharply. "Do you curse the metal for the sake of which you came to Hispaniola?"

Castaneda controlled himself.

"Ha, ha!" he laughed. "The gold is good, Marchena. But you have overtrumped me. I did not think you were so rich. We scarcely ever saw you at the gold-washings in Cibao."

"Well, I have been fortunate," replied Marchena. "I found a rich gold vein. However, you can ask Margarite whether I have not given up the third part. But how have I overtrumped you, neighbor?"

"I did not wish to sell Ara to you," said Castaneda. "I fixed a price which I did not think

you would be able to pay. But you are rich, you are a true Crœsus."

"Weigh the dust," replied Marchena. "You will see that not much will remain to me."

Castaneda weighed it, shook it into his purse and said: "Very well, Ara is yours. You are a lucky fellow, Marchena."

He went. Down in the savannas he paused. "A sly rascal, this youth," he murmured to himself. "But he has not won the game. Liguria has now a mortal enemy, and this enemy is Callinago. Him I will set on your heels, Marchena, and we will see whether he does not discover your secret."

He walked on and soon entered the neglected King's Court.

"Where is Ara?" the Carib asked him.

"Ara!" replied Castaneda. "She is under my friend's protection, and is to marry Henry."

The Carib sprang up as though stung by a scorpion.

"There, pray calm yourself," said Castaneda, "you can soon have her again." He drew his purse from his pocket. "Do you see this gold? When you bring me double the quantity, Marchena must give Ara back to me. He has much gold; gold must be in these mountains; Henry and

Marchena must know it. So if you are so fond of Ara, go in the mountains and look for gold mines! Henry knows them; do you see, he can buy himself a wife, even if she is an Ara?"

Without further troubling himself about the Carib, he went into the house, and locked up his newly acquired gold with his old treasures. He surveyed the contents of his trunk, and murmured to himself: "How slowly it accumulates—when that is melted, the pile will not be large. And this long, long journey for this! Marchena is a lucky fellow. Pah, he has found here not only gold mines, but also golden brooks! But he is as silent as the grave. Not the slightest allusion, and gold and map have disappeared from the chest. But he must have other hiding-places; for I have never seen the purse of gold-dust before.

"Shame on you, Castaneda!" he went on. "In Spain no lock was too artful for you; you found out the most secret compartments in the greatest palaces. And here you cannot even find out the hiding-places of the miserable *hacienda*. To be sure," he went on, "he always disturbs me; I can, I dare, not leave the slightest trace of my investigations, or he would be warned. And how many lumps of gold he must already have added to the first three! I might complain of him that

he has not given up the third part—but what good would that do me? The whole band would rush over here from Cibao—and share the booty. And why divide it? I am no friend of such doings. If I could but make a thorough search of the house, undisturbed—find the map, and then go to the spot marked with the cross! Undisturbed — root up everything — ransack. Hm—then, then I would soon attain my object. But then he must not be there—must—suddenly disappear in the mountains and ravines! That would do; but Margarite would be suspicious, and, although he hates this doll, he loves gold fondly. He would surely search for the gold—therefore that will not do!"

Castaneda rested his head on his hand. Before him lay a heap of glittering gold, and his eyes were fixed mechanically upon the yellow metal: his mind formed a thousand plans. But from time to time he murmured: "That will not do! The affair is a difficult one; much more difficult than I thought!"

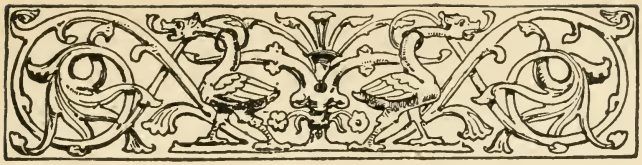
But while the master made his dark plans, his servant Callinago brooded in front of the house. His eyes gazed full of hatred in the direction of Liguria. Ara was now there—she was to be the wife of the hated Henry; and was she not really

his slave, had he not himself carried her off from her home? And now she belonged to another! The Carib did not long deliberate. He had made his resolve sooner than his master. A devilish smile played about his lips, and now he calmly rose, took bow and arrows, and soon disappeared in the gloomy woods.

About the same time Marchena, accompanied by the radiant Henry, left his *hacienda* and went into the mountains. A long, difficult march was before him. He wished to visit the beautiful valley, and look about it for a building-site. Yes, he was even more filled with the idea of leaving Vega-real to-day than he had been yesterday, for he suspected what would now happen.

One after another of Castaneda's oppressed slaves would now seek refuge in Liguria—and he could not purchase the freedom of a second. Besides, he had fanned the flame of Castaneda's avarice. He must avoid him. And if he should, nevertheless, follow him? Well, there would be no room in this valley for two *hacienderos.* Marchena would buy the whole valley, for the government in Hispaniola sold land remarkably cheap, and Castaneda had left him enough gold dust for that. There in the peaceful valley he would stay until Columbus returned to Hispaniola.

Then the admiral should open the rich gold mines for his and the king's benefit. The faithless gold-diggers of Cibao and Isabella should not squander the treasure. You ask why he did not tell his secret to the admiral's brother, the governor, Diego Colon. Oh, Marchena knew that he held the reins of government with but a weak hand.



XII.

Two weeks later, Marchena prepared for the long walk to Isabella. Henry should keep house in his absence. Up to this time he had said nothing to Castaneda of his plans. He merely complained of the lack of farming utensils, and that those which he had were fast becoming useless, and thought he should be obliged to go over to Isabella and ask help from the governor.

Castaneda strengthened his neighbor eagerly in this resolution. But the journey was put off from day to day. The first harvest of wheat was at hand, and Marchena wished to take the first harvest in Hispaniola, however scanty it might be, to Isabella.

But it was to be otherwise.

The king's bailiff had housed his first wheat. It was not threshed, for there were no flails in Liguria, but the Indians had picked the precious cereal, grain by grain, from the ear. Now three

moderate-sized baskets stood ready for transportation to Isabella.

But meanwhile other men appeared to fetch the harvest. Early in the morning of a fine day there was a noise of horses' hoofs and the barking of dogs in the savanna, and the blare of the war trumpets penetrated even to Liguria. Marchena, astonished, hastened out upon his veranda. What guests were coming; with the sound of trumpets, and mounted on horseback? Had the admiral returned?

The troop of riders came nearer. Now they stopped before the vegetable garden, and in amazement Marchena recognized the leader; it was Margarite, the colonel.

The king's bailiff suspected nothing good, for Margarite had never been cordially disposed to him and had never forgotten his harmless remark on the admiral's ship: Half in jest, half mockingly he was in the habit of calling him "the little mutineer."

"Good-day, my dear bailiff," said he, returning Marchena's greeting. "We come in person to convince ourselves of the condition of the king's *hacienda.* We have received very few supplies. Mere Indian potatoes and manioca roots, which we must wash ourselves And we are hungry,

for even Isabella furnishes no more meat, although it requires gold; we cannot eat snakes and lizards, and the forest birds are not easily obtained; therefore we thought of the Ligurian oxen, and would now like to see whether they have become fat; will you not take us to the corral, Marchena?"

The king's bailiff must obey the colonel. Of what use would resistance have been? Margarite had brought soldiers with him, and their looks betokened plainly enough that they participated in this requisition with delight, and did not think of returning empty-handed.

Meanwhile Castaneda also had hurried up.

"Welcome, Margarite!" he cried, "you all come as if bidden to the harvest feast in Liguria!"

"How so?" asked Margarite.

"Men, have you lost your eyes in Cibao? Look yonder at that field along the edge of the forest. It is stubble; Marchena has harvested wheat."

Margarite smiled. "We have heard of that also," he replied, "and will give the wheat transport a safeguard. And if I am not mistaken, there stands a little vintage also. We have casks and kegs in abundance in Cibao; they are all empty and can easily be filled."

"The wine is still sour, Margarite," replied Marchena.

The colonel did not honor him with the slightest response. He took Castaneda by the arm and said to him: "Take us to the viceroy's herds. What do you think? Sour wine is an aid to digestion, and goes very well with a nice fat roast, eh?"

Marchena remained behind. He was not needed. Margarite had found a guide and such as he required.

Margarite purposely drew Castaneda away from his followers. He wished to speak with him alone, and what he had to say surprised Castaneda extremely.

"We will drive off the cattle," said the colonel, "for we wish to strengthen ourselves for the long voyage."

"What, you wish to return to Spain?" asked Castaneda in astonishment. "Already?"

"If we can secure a ship, we will sail immediately. But we shall have to wait several, perhaps two or three, weeks. The other brother of the Ligurian, Bartholomew, has come from Spain, and wishes to govern more strictly. There has been trouble in Isabella, and Bartholomew is founding a new city—St. Domingo it is to be called."

"One really is completely isolated here," said

Castaneda. "The most important events of the colony are unknown to me."

"Shall you not come with us?" continued the colonel.

"So soon?" replied Castaneda. "I am afraid I shall not yet be able to!"

"Not yet!" cried Margarite, laughing. "Are you not already the wealthiest of the settlers?"

"You jest, Margarite. I have heard that you possess the most gold, and Roldan not much less."

"Well, as you will!" replied Margarite. "I have promised you that I will give you notice in time before our departure. Perhaps you will reconsider the matter. But you must join us in two weeks at the latest."

"Thank you, Margarite," said Castaneda. "Indeed, there seems to be nothing more to get here."

"Hm—and I had thought that you had discovered new gold mines here!"

"Merciful patience!" cried Castaneda. "I have not found a grain of gold in this Vega-real. I have only sold one slave to Liguria. But I believe that the king's bailiff will hardly be able to pay for a second."

Margarite gave his companion a side glance.

"That does not concern me, however," said he.

"I have my share, and shall not remain here longer."

They stood before the cattle enclosure, and surveyed the three cows and the steer.

"Here is the nucleus of the future herds of Hispaniola," said Castaneda, mockingly.

"We will see to it that the *haciendero's* trees do not have root in the skies," replied Margarite, and he commanded his soldiers to catch the animals.

The soldiers returned to the house. They dispersed over the yard, and sought to discover everything eatable. The ducks and the few hens were caught and killed; the swine, now numbering twelve, were bound with cords; several Indian women, Ara among them, were ordered to carry the wheat and all the potatoes on hand.

Then Margarite waved his hat, and the soldiers started, carrying off with them the provisions, or as Marchena, with bleeding heart termed them, the spoils. Liguria only was plundered; King's Court they had left in peace, but there, indeed, there was almost nothing to carry off.

Castaneda watched the depressed Marchena with a sarcastic smile.

"Neighbor," said he, "the time has not yet come here in Hispaniola for model farms. Each

year one would celebrate such harvest homes here. You work for a rapacious people; you should do something else. Go over to Spain and complain to the king. But if you are listened to there, you must not appear with a basket of wheat, but with a sack of gold. Say, 'This I have collected alone—I have found gold mines.' Then they will honor you in Spain, and give you a letter of protection for Hispaniola."

Marchena could think no more of his journey to Isabella. Famine threatened the plundered farm if the *haciendero* did not exercise all his powers. All hands must now work, new potato fields must be laid out, and fresh flour was quickly prepared from the manioca root.

Besides, Marchena and his overseer, Henry, now hunted more frequently. They laid snares for the birds and little animals of the forest to provide meat for their subsistence. It was an arduous hunt, the results always trifling, but it was unwearied, for the laborers must have some meat, and there was no other way of securing it.

Marchena was still busy with this work when the news spread among the Indians that the Spaniards in Cibao were preparing for departure. Castaneda went there, and returned with the news that Margarite intended going to Isabella, and

from there sailing to Spain. "Father Boyle goes with them," he remarked; "he says these savages will never be converted."

Marchena was not saddened by this news. He hoped that now his neighbor would depart also, but he was disappointed. Castaneda made no preparations for departure. He remained in Vega-real.

XIII.

It had not escaped Castaneda's notice that the Carib Callinago cherished in his breast an unquenchable hatred for all in Liguria, but especially the overseer Henry, Ara's happy husband. He took an evil delight in this, and sought to feed this hatred by intentional mocking speeches. The arrows always hit the mark, and that afforded Castaneda new pleasure.

He watched the doings at Liguria, as always, with attentive eyes, and it occurred to his notice that when the overseer Henry was in the forest hunting, his Carib, Callinago, also disappeared. He watched the savage more closely, without the latter noticing this, and found that whenever Callinago went into the forest, he carried with him a little bag hidden under the cloth around his hips.

Castaneda was made very uneasy by this discovery. What was concealed in that little bag? why did the Carib hide it? Oh, Castaneda suspected what it was.

Had he not himself told the Carib that gold would put him in possession of Ara? Had he not spurred him on to hunt for gold, and with this idea set him on the tracks of those Ligurian fellows? Well, this bloodhound, with his savage instincts, had found that for which Castaneda had so long, so continuously, and yet so unavailingly sought.

Without doubt, the overseer Henry did not alone hunt in the woods; he also went to the mine and collected the noble metal to carry to his master. Callinago had certainly watched him from some hiding-place, and now followed his traces to glean after him. The sly savage!

Castaneda even intended calling him to account once when he returned from such an expedition, thought of forcibly taking the little bag from him, and compelling him to confess where he got the gold, but he decided against this plan.

"No," said he, "this savage is obstinate. If he does not choose to tell anything, he will not. He would let himself be burned alive and not betray a word—he is a Carib, not delicate like these cowards here in Hispaniola. I must get the best of him by trickery."

One morning Callinago stole away as usual with the mysterious bag. Castaneda feigned not to

notice him, and went into the house. But in there he placed himself at a crack in the wall, between the logs, and watched the edge of the woods. Soon he perceived the Carib, and saw him disappear between the trees. He fixed the spot firmly in his memory and then went outside.

He whistled for the dog. Bezerillo sprang up on him; he stroked his head and said: "Hey, Bezerillo, to-day you shall prove yourself; shall show your skill, quietly, without barking; you shall set out in pursuit, slowly, step by step." He took a cord from his pocket and fastened it to the dog's collar. Then he placed a dagger in his belt, and thus equipped seated himself upon the veranda.

His heart beat stormily. The important, long-awaited, decisive hour approached.

On a sandy place before the house a stick had been implanted; it formed an equivalent for a sun-dial, and Marchena had arranged it for his neighbor. Castaneda watched the shadows to measure the fleeting moments. All sorts of thoughts passed through his mind; he saw before him piles of gold, lumps of gold, shining at him from crevices in the rocks. At length an hour had elapsed. Castaneda rose, crossed the savanna, leading the dog by the string, and entered the woods.

It was a glaringly hot day, and the tropical forest offered no coolness and refreshment. A moist, vaporous atmosphere like that of a greenhouse prevailed here. It was no pleasure to walk through these woods—it was rather a hard, exhaustive work—and the perspiration stood out on Castaneda's forehead, and his shirt clung to his body.

The dog had soon found the Carib's scent, and Castaneda must now work his way through almost impenetrable undergrowth; often he rather crept than walked, the thorns tore the clothes from his body; his hands bled, for he had to hold back the dog, who was constantly pulling him forward, and could not, as his predecessor, Callinago, assuredly had done, avoid each thorny branch.

The trace led up the mountain, and there was no end to the underbrush. From time to time Castaneda was forced to rest, until at length he drew a breath of relief; he came to steep, rocky ground which at least was not so thickly covered with bushes, and from which one could have a certain view of the country. Bezerillo snuffed at the ground—he seemed not sure of the scent here, but walked from one rock to another until at length he paused before a large bowlder higher than a man.

Castaneda watched the dog attentively; the scent seemed to cease here; the dog snuffed about, but always returned to the same spot, then he wished to follow the old trail again.

"Hush, Bezerillo, down, charge!" he said to the dog, and fastened him to a sapling. "We know what that means. The Carib climbed upon the rock. We must follow his example!"

He examined the rock closely. He at once found two projections upon which one could easily set foot. After a brief attempt he succeeded in climbing upon it.

He now stood upon a little plateau, whose edge was overgrown with thick bushes, behind which the mountains ascended at some distance. He was doubtless at the edge of a ravine. The Spaniard stooped; it occurred to him that he was now exposed to the gaze of any curious observer.

Slowly he crept up to the bushes, bent apart the twigs, and found his suspicion fully confirmed; he really stood at the edge of a ravine or of a steep descent.

At his feet was stretched out a small valley; in the background toward the black mountains, and from their summit, came, like a waving silver ribbon, in a high waterfall, a mountain stream, only to vanish below into depths as yet invisible.

Castaneda could now plainly hear the rush of the water, which in the woods he had taken for the rustle of the wind-swayed treetops.

Along the slopes of the valley here and there stretched green meadows, lovely oases in the dense forests. These were doubtless places where formerly the natives' villages had stood and their destroyed fields. But this valley must now be deserted, for nowhere was there visible smoke, nowhere a hut—solemn silence everywhere, only from time to time interrupted by the harsh cry of a bird of prey.

But even in this silence, this valley was a charming sight—these green woods rising like an amphitheatre, interspersed with fresh green meadows; beyond, the dark mass of the highest mountain peak, wrapped in light mist; in the midst, the silvery waterfall, and above, the laughing blue sky, scarcely shaded by a single cloud. Even upon Castaneda's rough nature this magically beautiful scene was not without effect, and he stood there astonished.

But almost immediately a joyful thought flashed to his mind. He remembered the evening when Ojeda had examined the map by the light of the fireflies, and had asked the meaning of the little cross.

Yes, that was really a beautiful valley which lay before him, and did he not stand upon a rock from which he could overlook it? Oh, he had surely found that mysterious, secret spot which Marchena wished to keep from his knowledge.

The avaricious Spaniard surveyed the rocks between which the waterfall plunged. Sparks rose before his eyes, as though the true gold shone from the cracks and crevices of the gloomy stone. He knelt down and with greedy eyes gazed at the valley; his grasping nature revelled in the treasures which his imagination conjured up in this charming idyllic scene.

Gradually he bethought himself that he had a different aim in this expedition. Doubtless the Carib had been here also, but naturally, although he had long known of this valley, he had told his master nothing of it. Castaneda now inspected sharply all the details of the scene; his eyes rested long on each green meadow, followed the lines of the ravine by the waterfall, but nowhere could he discover those he sought. Neither the Carib nor Henry were in sight.

So Castaneda descended from his high post to his bloodhound. He got the dog up on the rock with difficulty, and soon after he was again on the

scent. The way was very difficult; he must pass steep precipices, yawning ravines at his left; it was a neck-breaking way! Why had the Carib chosen this particular way? Oh, Castaneda could understand him, could gaze into the savage's mind. Was it not in this moment filled with an ardent thirst for gold, and did not Castaneda stake everything upon satisfying this thirst, which was his also?

He might have climbed for a quarter of an hour, when the bushes grew thicker again. He found himself again in the monotonous green wilderness, nothing but leaves, twigs, and a few flowers everywhere the eye rested. There were no paths here. The tall foliage plants, ferns, and the thick bushes left no trace of a human footstep. As the waves of the sea close behind the keel of a ship, did the evergreen plants close behind the step of the wanderer. No one, even with the sharpest eyes, could discover a trace, but the dog, guided by his sense of smell, followed the trail steadily, and grew more and more uneasy, pulled stronger on the cord, and his master had difficulty in quieting the animal, which occasionally uttered low growls.

Bezerillo was now on a fresh scent.

Castaneda stood still and listened, with a beat-

ing heart. On the other side of the ravine a bird again gave its sharp cry—caw, caw, caw!—then all was still. He let the cord loose and followed his leader again. Scarcely had he proceeded a few steps, however, when he stood still as if rooted to the ground, and the dog also gave several barks, but ceased at once upon the angry kick which the Spaniard gave him.

The sound of a human voice came from the distance through the green wilderness—it was a monotonous Indian song. The Carib did not sing thus, Castaneda knew it; the inspector Henry sang; he was near by; the Carib had followed him.

Now it was dangerous to trust the dog farther and blindly follow the scent. Castaneda feared that the dog would bay again, or that he would suddenly stand before the Carib or Henry. He therefore drew his dagger from his sheath and left the track.

Following the song, he slowly walked through the forest, and made cuts in the tree-trunks with his dagger, so that he might find his way back. The song ceased. But Castaneda perceived that the woods grew lighter, the tall trees ceased; he now crept through low bushes and soon reached the edge of a ravine. He came to a projecting rock which was thickly overgrown. From below

came the rushing of the mountain stream, before him at his feet was the broad valley; but all this did not attract his attention. Castaneda was devouring the scene at his right.

Here the mountain range made a wide bend, trended backward, then forward again, ending in a green meadow. This meadow, surrounded by woods, lay directly opposite the projection upon which Castaneda stood, separated from this only by a ravine some thirty feet broad.

Castaneda stretched himself flat upon the ground, and crept like a snake to the edge of the precipice. Through a small hole in the thick growth which wholly concealed him, he gazed over at the opposite meadow.

There Inspector Henry was, indeed, engaged in setting bird snares. He had already caught several of the wild doves, for they lay piled up on the ground under a tree. He strewed some wild berries of which the birds were fond in the snares, and went back to the edge of the forest. The valley was exposed to the full glare of the noonday heat, and so the bird-catcher had become weary, for he lay down under a tree and soon fell asleep.

Castaneda remained at his post of observation; he also could now rest from his hard march, but

he would not sleep; his gaze wandered from the ravine to Henry, then the wild doves which came to eat the berries chained his attention. The bird catcher still slept.

Castaneda glanced again at the careless sleeper, when he suddenly started in astonishment.

Did not a wild Indian face peep out of the thick green hedge directly behind Henry? Yes, and was not that face, with its greedy eyes, that of the Carib Callinago?

Castaneda was not disappointed. But what did the Carib want? Would he cool his revenge by murdering the sleeper? Oh, the malicious fellow!

Could not Castaneda now spring up, and frighten away the murderer by a cry?

Castaneda did not move. He watched the proceedings over in the meadow with the same interest with which one witnesses tragedies upon the stage. What was one Indian life more or less to Castaneda? Let them murder each other. That would be to his advantage. Then Callinago would melt in his hand like wax, and draw out his purse and give up his secret. Castaneda, indeed, believed that he had found the gold valley, and certainly Callinago could spare him much unnecessary climbing. So he would leave matters to take their course over opposite.

The Carib advanced; he crept up to his sacrifice like a wildcat. But he had no weapons in his hand. Did he intend throttling the sleeper? Castaneda's excitement rose to the utmost pitch.

At length Callinago was close beside his victim. He rose, remained in a kneeling posture, and glared at the young Indian; meanwhile his left hand fumbled in the cloth he wore about his body, and now the little bag came to view. Castaneda could not understand the savage's actions. There was surely gold in this bag; what did the Carib want with that?

Carefully Callinago now opened the bag, and his long fingers fumbled within. He held something between his finger-tips, but it must have been but a small quantity, for Castaneda could not see it. But Callinago closed the bag and threw it in the ravine, but a few steps distant. The little thing flew noiselessly through the air, and Castaneda watched it, horror-struck. How could this Carib let an object in which his master had for so long been interested, and so intensely, vanish into such a deep gulf!

But he must watch the savage. He rose quick as lightning to his feet, and now stood behind the sleeper's head. A quick movement of the upper body, then the Carib strewed something which he

THE CARIBBEAN'S SECRET.

held between his finger-tips under the nose and upon the lips of the young Indian, and with two quick but noiseless leaps disappeared in the thicket.

Henry awoke at once; he rose and rubbed his mouth and nose, he sneezed, coughed, expectorated. All this seemed droll to Castaneda. Had this Carib strewn snuff, pepper, or something similar under the nose of his mortal enemy, for a practical joke? Oh, that was childish! one need not creep after his enemy so long for this.

But Henry seemed decidedly ill; he wiped out his mouth with grass, he groaned aloud; but then he picked up his doves, threw them over his back, and rushed away through the woods.

The little meadow was empty. Over among the trees, a mocking-bird sang, and the crows mocked him derisively with their harsh croaks. Castaneda remained quietly at his post of observation, and thought of the pantomime of which he had just been an invisible witness. He did not wish to leave yet, so as to encounter the Indians on their way home.

The longer he thought over it, the clearer it became to him that this could be no idle joke; it must be a serious affair. Why did the Carib hurl the bag away from him? There was surely no

gold in it, and Castaneda began to suspect that there had been poisoning here.

He now sat in the midst of the thicket, and pondered the savage's devilish trick; he forgot for a moment the gold mines, for the society of the Carib who lived in his own house now seemed terrible to him.

An hour might have elapsed while he sat there meditating, when Castaneda was roused from his revery by the feeling of hunger; he drew a piece of manioca bread from his pocket and began to eat it, but it did not taste good; he thought of poison, and involuntarily shook his black head. Then he threw the piece of bread to the dog. Bezerillo devoured it, and Castaneda smiled; needless prudence was that, he thought, for the dog is stupider than a man.

He rose and surveyed the valley. It seemed quite different to him now—no longer so gay, so idyllic, as an hour before; the sunlight still lay on mountains and meadows, but it seemed faint, and the landscape looked gloomy. Castaneda glanced up at the sky, and at once found an explanation for this appearance. A black cloud hung over the mountain-top, and the sun was already partially veiled; a hurricane was approaching.

Castaneda at once knew that he could not pos-

sibly reach his house before the storm burst. He must let it first pass over, and he now sought some shelter. Perhaps he could find a cave here.

He went to the edge of the ravine, but found everywhere steep rocks; and as meanwhile the wind had risen, he withdrew to the thickest part of the forest, in which he felt more protected.

He found here a small cavity in an enormous tree-trunk, in which he crowded himself, while Bezerillo crouched at his feet. The hurricane burst upon them, the rain poured in torrents upon the lofty leafy roof, and this sound partly drowned the incessant roar of the thunder. Darkness almost like that of a moonless night prevailed, only lit up by the frequent flashes of lightning.

Castaneda stood there quietly; he was accustomed to such storms, and knew that this one would not last long, and in fact after an hour he could leave his tree-trunk. But his position was unenviable; up to this time he had trusted the dog, who had followed the fresh scent. But in this fearful thunder-storm all scent was obliterated, and the dog could not find it.

The Spaniard could not lose his way totally: he had been ascending continually; now the direction must lead down the mountain. After hours of forcing his way through the forest, he at length

reached the savanna, hungry and exhausted, but he was far away from the point where he had entered the forest, and not until late at night, worn out, drenched, and shaking with cold, did he reach King's Court. The first to meet him was Callinago. Castaneda shuddered at sight of the Carib. He tried to control himself, but the shudder did not cease, his teeth chattered; he knew very well what that meant—he had taken cold in the damp forest, and perhaps a malignant fever.

He sought his bed and wrapped himself up in woollen coverlets. The Carib nursed him. But in Castaneda's eyes the savage became the devil himself, for the Spaniard was feverish, and repulsed all drink, as in everything offered him he suspected poison. At length he grew calmer and fell into a deep sleep.

When he awoke, the sun was high in the heavens. He felt weak, but nevertheless he arose, for he had an iron constitution which could not be undermined by one attack of fever. The events of the past day seemed like a dream to him; he could scarcely comprehend them; he even doubted the reality of his recollections until the sight of the Carib brought the whole back to his memory.

Silently he ate his breakfast, whistled to Bez-

erillo, and went to Liguria. He was consumed with uneasiness, for he must learn how Henry was—he must know whether he had witnessed a joke or a devilish act.

Marchena was not to be found in his house; the two rooms were empty and not a soul was in sight. Usually Castaneda greeted such opportunities most joyfully, and made use of them to rummage, to knock on the planks of the house and see whether secret compartments were to be found, to examine the floors closely, and in suspicious cases to raise one of the planks slightly. But to-day he could not stay in the house. He had no thoughts for gold; this time his mind was fully occupied with—poison.

So he went to the Indian village of Liguria, where Henry lived. And rightly guessed, he learned that Marchena was in Henry's hut. Castaneda wended his way thither. He found Marchena busy in preparing cold compresses for the young Indian.

So he was ill, this inspector Henry; and he must be very seriously ill, for his wife, Ara, wrung her hands. Castaneda, as though astonished, asked what had happened.

Marchena told him that immediately after the storm the Indian had returned from the woods,

in a pitiable condition, writhing with agony. He had soon after lost consciousness, and now he spoke ramblingly as though feverish, and yet he was quite cold. "He has not been as lively as usual for the last few days," said Marchena. "His illness must have been coming on; then he was exposed to the storm, and now it has seized him."

"Yes, the storm, this hurricane," said Castaneda. "It surprised me too in the woods yesterday, and in spite of my iron nerves I returned home with chattering teeth. I was feverish, then in a sweat, and to-day feel as though I had been beaten."

He gazed closely at the sick man, who twitched with pain and spoke incoherently.

"Where is he suffering, Marchena?" he asked.

He shrugged his shoulders. "I do not understand anything about such things," said he. "If Dr. Chanca were but here! Ara declares that he has tasted poisonous roots, and in fact his mouth seems inflamed, but Henry knows the fruits and roots of the forest better than all of us. He probably has the pestilential fever which prevails in this country, and which has carried off so many of us"

Castaneda did not contradict him, but he had his own opinion. He went back to King's Court and pondered.

"The Indians of Hispaniola cannot understand poisons," he thought to himself. "That is a Carib accomplishment. Inspector Henry will die, and every one will believe it a natural illness. This Callinago sets aside an enemy thus, and except me no one has a suspicion of his crime. What a poison that must be! But let us wait and see whether the patient will really die. Such a bit of powder under the nose—it is almost incredible. But even if it were true, do I need it now? I have found the beautiful valley. Oh yes, it is possible that there gold looks out of the lap of Mother Earth, for the mountains are cleft; how the water has rushed over those rocks for centuries! I do not need it. And yet—if the gold mines do lie there, if one can there find lumps of solid gold, need two know it? Need the booty be divided? We have been in Vega-real for two years; has not this Marchena gone through everything in this time? Of course, with the help of this inspector, whose wife he purchased so dearly. Oh, no, such thoughts are not simply to be dismissed without further pondering. It is indeed strange: this meeting! There in the ravine, near the gold, lies—poison; lies in a leather bag; the rain cannot so soon have washed it away. To be sure, it must not stay there long, for many of these

rainstorms might tear apart the leather itself. We have therefore no time to lose; we must have both, for, if the poison really kills in this fashion, it is without doubt a treasure."

The sound of trumpets roused Castaneda from these thoughts. Who was coming? He hurried out. They were Spaniards. What did they want? Had not Margarite gone? Whom could Vega-real have attracted?

It was Ojeda. He came on a strange errand. He was sent not by Bartholomew Columbus, not by Diego; the commander of Isabella sent him. He took possession of Vega-real in the name of the Spaniards who rebelled against the Genoese dominion, and at their head was the judge, Francisco Roldan.

Castaneda heard these tidings with joy, but Marchena with a sad heart. There was a revolt; the Genoese were threatened with the force of arms. Ojeda himself read the proclamation of revolt in Vega-real, and took leave of his old acquaintances, for he wished to sail for Spain at the first opportunity, to carry the complaints of the deceived Castilian nobles to the king.

The mutinous troop had appeared like a black cloud upon the sky of Vega-real; soon after to disappear; but two of the rebels remained to settle

as new *hacienderos*. They were men of the worst sort; they had come from Spain on the last ships. Columbus had wished to send as many settlers as possible to the New World, and had induced the king to allow these criminals to go to Hispaniola as colonists. The new-comers were much worse than Castaneda, and after a few days Marchena gave up all hope that in a short time a decent state of affairs would prevail in Vega-real. The new farmers settled in two distant villages, and there began to oppress the Indians like satraps. Meanwhile a sad misfortune befell Marchena: his faithful servant, Henry, died, after a week's illness. Now Marchena felt deserted and homesick, and the latter feeling grew stronger and stronger, for the livelier the condition of affairs became in Vega-real, the more threatening did the tormented Indians become. The new settlers declared that Columbus, now on his third voyage, must be somewhere to the south of Hispaniola, and so the resolve gradually strengthened in Marchena's mind to go to San Domingo, the new city founded by Bartholomew Columbus, there to await the admiral's arrival, and join the explorer on his further journeys.

But much was to happen before he could really carry out this resolve.

XIV.

During this time Castaneda had been very busy in the mountains. He had availed himself of the time when Marchena's attention was occupied with Henry's illness and the recent events in Isabella and San Domingo.

But the gold-seeker was not especially satisfied with the result of his investigations. He always returned with empty hands. Nowhere in the valley had he found gold mines; Marchena's secret remained as impenetrable as ever.

Then he learned one day that Henry was dead.

This news had a great effect upon him; his thoughts took another direction. "Why do I search at this distance?" he asked himself. "Is not the treasure near at hand?"

He watched the Carib. The cannibal no longer went into the forest, he was calm, content, and suffered no remorse. He had accomplished his purpose by means of the poison in the bag. Castaneda fought with himself for a time, but then

his evil spirit conquered. This evil spirit, which showed him in dreams the lumps of gold, won the victory over the remnant of his better principles, and the next day, in company with several Indians, but without Callinago, he set out for the woods.

The Carib barred his path.

"Master, do not trust the people," said he. "They are mutineers; I have listened to what they said. They wish to murder us both and flee to the woods!"

Castaneda stood still. He was imprudent in such matters, and resolved to make an example. He returned, and instituted one of those terrible Spanish courts of inquiry.

The Carib was the accuser. He had overheard the conversation of two men, and these should be punished to frighten the others. Castaneda commanded that their hands be cut off.

The savage Carib seized the condemned and executed this sentence; the other Indians stood silently by, but from beneath the lashes of many youths secretly shot vengeful glances. They led away the unfortunates to save their lives if possible. But the news of the Spaniard's barbarous cruelty spread throughout Vega-real. The Indians assembled in the villages and held secret meetings.

This day Castaneda remained at home, but he did not give up his plan. "This disturbance among the savages comes as if arranged," thought he. "They wish to murder, to exterminate us Christians. Pah! They will perhaps also make use of poison. It is at least easy, under these circumstances, to rest suspicion upon these red-skins."

The next morning he impressed upon Callinago that he was to keep an eye upon the mutinous band, and left the farm. He carried a light sack on his back; within it were several tools—a chisel, a hammer—and a fifty-foot rope.

Castaneda set out, accompanied by his dog alone, toward the mysterious valley. After a three-hours' walk, he stood on the meadow on which about a week before he had seen that pantomime tragedy enacted, and he looked down into the ravine into which Callinago had thrown his purse.

The precipice descended here some forty feet abruptly; then the rocks formed a ledge which was perhaps a hundred feet square, and, farther below, the sides again descended steeply to a yawning depth at least two hundred feet below where he stood.

On the smooth rocky ledge lay that which Castaneda sought, the poison-filled bag.

It was impossible to reach this bag by climbing, the rocks were everywhere so steep. Castaneda had learned this days before, and for this reason he had brought the rope. He laid down the sack and his bag of food, got out the rope, fastened it to a tree growing near the precipice, and with a beating heart slid down to the ledge. Soon he felt firm ground beneath his feet; he stood at his goal, but a few steps away from the bag. But he did not move; he stood there as if petrified; his features betokened the utmost astonishment; then he sprang quickly over the purse, and picked up a stone at the opposite edge of the precipice. A yellow vein shone in this stone, and a wild cry of joy issued from Castaneda's lips—he had found the long-sought gold mines.

He pressed the stone, he kissed it, and hid it in his breast-pocket; then he walked along the edge of the rock and examined crevice after crevice. He had not deceived himself; grains and veins of gold sparkled at him, and he began to break off bits of the rock with feverish haste until his fingers bled.

The pain forced him to desist. "Oh, what a fool I am!" said he. "I have a chisel and hammer with me."

In an instant he swung himself up the rope,

seizing his tools, and slid down to the ledge again.

Ah, now the whole was easier; a heap of gold nuggets lay before Castaneda, and he let them slide through his wounded fingers. The perspiration stood out in great drops on his brow. "Enough for to-day," thought he; "but I must bring down my bag of food."

He climbed up and down once more; he took the Indian bread out of the bag, and while he ate it he gazed down upon the heap of gold and said, "To-day I have honestly earned my lunch hour."

His eyes chanced to fall upon the forgotten bag of poison.

"Poison and gold!" he murmured. "They are finely suited—or do I need that now?"

He pondered this for a long time, then he continued his soliloquy: "Why should I leave this unusual find lying here? Who knows when it may come in handy? There might be others who have found out this secret."

When he had finished his meal, he gathered the gold into his bag, and picked up the bag of poison. He opened it carefully and discovered a white powder. He held his breath and fastened the bag up again tightly. Then he laid it on top of the gold in his sack, hung it around him, and

climbed up the rope. Bezerillo lay under a tree; he had kept watch. Castaneda seated himself beside him; down on the ledge he had been exposed to the burning sun—he wished to rest in the shade. "Only not sleep," thought he. But then he added: "Bah! I have a guard; my Bezerillo is with me; no Carib will surprise me."

He did really fall asleep, but in a few minutes he was awakened by the dog, who was tugging at his coat-sleeve and gazing over the precipice, with a growl.

"What do you suspect, Bezerillo?" asked Castaneda.

But the dog quieted himself when he saw his master awake, and lay down at his feet.

"So, so, I must not sleep," said Castaneda. "You are right, old comrade. We will draw up the line and carry the treasure home. It certainly is a fairy-land, this Hispaniola, and Columbus a great man!"

The evening of this same day the Carib Calinago announced to his master that the white man in Liguria was making preparations for departure; he was going to San Domingo, for the admiral was expected there. Castaneda sprang up at this news.

What? Marchena was going in search of the

Genoese? Why? Surely only to disclose to him the gold mines. Then Columbus' brothers would come here with their retinue, and Castaneda mentally saw the third part of his gold wander to the admiral's pockets. He set his teeth and stamped his foot.

"No, dolly," cried he, "you dare not rob me of the fruit of my two years of hard labor; you shall not leave Vega-real alive. My plan had long been made. This very day I will act."

He went to his room, took the bag of poison from one of the locked chests, put it in his pocket after wrapping it tightly in linen, and went to Liguria.

The sun was near the horizon. Castaneda looked out across the savanna, and saw Marchena going toward the distant potato field. That was a welcome sight to him; he quickened his steps and soon arrived at the house.

Ara stood before the door.

"Where is your master?" he asked.

"In the field," she replied.

"Fetch him quickly," said Castaneda imperatively. "I must speak with him."

Ara hesitated.

"Did you hear?" said he. "Run quickly; I must speak with him at once."

Ara glanced questioningly at the Spaniard; then she walked slowly off and disappeared around the house corner.

Scarcely had this happened when Castaneda hurried into Marchena's bedroom, raised the covers from the bed, and strewed the poisonous powder carefully over the pillows; then he wrapped the leather bag up again in the linen, and hurried out on the veranda, while he closed the doors again.

It was a long time before Marchena came.

"You are preparing to go to San Domingo, eh?" Castaneda asked him. "Is the admiral already on the island? I have heard it from Callinago."

"The admiral is expected," replied Marchena, "and I do not want to miss him this time."

"And how did you learn this?" asked Castaneda.

"One of the new settlers brought a number of Carib slaves here from Isabella to-day, and he told me."

"Ah, they follow my example and bring Caribs with them," cried Castaneda. "One must beware of these tall fellows, for they are sly and evil natured."

"Do you think so?" said Marchena. "I even believe that my poor Henry fell a victim to the malice of a Carib."

"Oho!" cried Castaneda, pricking up his ears in surprise, "that is news to me. That is a complaint against my Carib."

"Yes," replied Marchena calmly, "but you are as innocent as I. That is but the conclusion of the romance which was enacted between Liguria and King's Court."

"I am really curious."

"I can tell you. You know that I am interested in the Carib language."

"Oh, yes! It is a strange language, is it not? The men have one, and the women another, for themselves."

"You know it, too! The new farmer brought several Carib women with him, and I talked with these. I do not know how it happened, but I asked one of the women about the poisonous plants of the forest, and described Henry's illness, for it was not impossible that he had been poisoned; Ara at least declared so."

Marchena paused.

"Go on, go on, neighbor," cried Castaneda impatiently.

"The Carib woman confirmed Ara's suspicion, and she described to me the poison which killed Henry. It is made of the root of the poisonous arum."

"You think that Henry ate it?"

Marchena shook his head. "No," said he. "I learned from this Carib the horrible manner in which Indians revenge themselves."

"You speak in riddles," cried Castaneda. "What has revenge to do with this affair? It is a case of accidental poisoning."

"Do not interrupt me," continued Marchena. "In the end everything will be as clear to you as to me.

"The Indian, so his wife told me, possesses a boundless thirst for revenge which often drives him almost to madness, and torments him as soon as he feels his honor or his wife insulted; a thirst for revenge which is not quenched except by the death of the insulter, or even by the extermination of his whole family. Revenge among the Indians assumes the most terrible forms. But the avenger, the '*canaima*,' does not publicly proclaim his rage, but falls upon his victim when he fancies himself most secure, from the most secret hiding-places. He prefers to make use of the numerous poisons with which he is familiar, to accomplish his gloomy aims. Among those poisons having the most fearful effects is the '*maschi*,' which is made of the root of the poisonous arum. The Indians cut the root into thin strips, dry them

in the sun, and then, with the greatest precaution, grind them to the finest powder. The root is so poisonous that they are afraid to touch it, as the mere touch causes intense burning and inflammation of the skin. If a desire for vengeance causes the Indian to become a *canaima*, he pursues his victim like a serpent, and never lets him out of his sight until he at length succeeds in surprising him asleep. Then he strews a small quantity of the poisonous powder on his lips or under the nose, so that the sleeper shall inhale it. An intense burning in the intestines, terrible thirst impossible to quench, delirium—these are the symptoms of this poisoning, which always ends in death."

Marchena paused again.

"And do you believe that?" asked Castaneda; "and what does the new settler say to that?"

"I have not spoken with him about it; but you are leading me away from my subject. Do you know who the *canaima* is in this case?"

"No," replied Castaneda, in a hoarse voice.

"Oh, you must know it!" cried Marchena. "Who crept like a serpent in the grass behind my Henry? Whose path so often crossed ours? Who swore vengeance upon Ara's husband? The *canaima* is none other than your Callinago!"

It had meantime grown dark, and Marchena could not see how ashy pale Castaneda's face had become.

But at this moment his and his guest's attention was attracted to another subject. A loud despairing whine came from the bedroom, and through the open window Bezerillo sprang out upon the veranda; he rolled, howling and whining, upon the floor, and rubbed his nose against the wall.

Marchena stood there in amazement. But Castaneda muttered a curse. In a moment all was clear to him. In the twilight he had not noticed the dog, and had shut him in; the poor animal had wished to sleep on Marchena's bed, and had inhaled the powder.

But Castaneda collected himself. "The dog has gone mad," he cried. "I must kill him upon the spot." He drew his dagger.

But Bezerillo, in an agony, sprang over the edge of the veranda into the vegetable garden, and Castaneda hurried after him with drawn dagger.

Bezerillo ran to King's Court, and Castaneda followed him. Marchena stood silent. But Ara came up to him and said: "He too is a *canaima;* did I not tell you that he strewed poison under your pillows? You did not believe me; now the

dog has poisoned himself. Avoid him; he is a friend of the Carib."

Marchena silently pressed the hand of the preserver of his life.

"Only a few more days," he murmured, "and then we will have left Vega-real."

Meanwhile Castaneda hurried after the dog. Only near King's Court did he overtake him.

"Stupid, betraying beast!" he screamed in his rage, and stabbed the dog with his dagger. "So!" he continued, standing beside the dead animal, "now you have been mad. Who can say that a *canaima* has poisoned you too?"

Then he gazed over toward Liguria, which stood out upon the hill bathed in moonlight, and plainly distinguishable above the savanna.

"No, I will not return there to-night. Let the affair take its course."

With bowed head and slow step he went to his house. All was still there; only the Carib sat before the door, awaiting his master. Castaneda did not exchange a word with him, and went into his bedroom, but no sleep came to him this night.

XV.

"The dog is dead!" This went from mouth to mouth in King's Court, and the Indians' eyes sparkled with delight.

"The master killed him himself! He should not have done it!" said a slender youth, and winked knowingly to the others. "Now our tracks in the grass will vanish, and no one will bark to betray our nearness. Who will watch while he sleeps or digs for gold? He is now but half as strong as before, and a mere child in the forest. The hour of vengeance is at hand."

So whispered the slender youth, and went to work with the others to clear a bit of forest at the edge of the savanna.

Castaneda was out-doors at the very dawn; he walked toward Liguria slowly, as though his feet were weighted with lead. From time to time he looked over at the house. All was quiet there as yet; the window blinds were closed, al-

though Marchena was accustomed to leave his bed before sunrise.

Castaneda had not been able to sleep the past night, for it seemed to him that a poisonous dust rose from the pillows and suffocated him. Had Marchena rested on his?

Rested! Oh, his was a bed such as the Devil might prepare for sinners! What a thought! Castaneda now trembled. "Who thinks of death and hell in this bright sunlight? Think rather of the gold mines, Castaneda," said he to himself. "Oh, they are rich; you will work them alone, you alone will profit by them, and think of the joys which await you in Castile!"

But he did not think of them; he gazed again at the house, which was now close before him.

Ara stood on the veranda. And Marchena—could he be already dead? No, the poison did not work so quickly.

A hundred more slow, slow steps, then Castaneda stood at the foot of the veranda steps. He had completely recovered his self-possession in Ara's presence, and asked innocently: "Where is your master, Ara? Is he still asleep?"

"Yes, he is asleep," replied the Indian softly. "And I do not wish to wake him, for he has passed a bad night; he complained of pain, but

now he has become quiet, quite quiet — come again later!"

Castaneda lowered his eyes, and did not see with what scorn, what contempt, the Indian regarded him.

"He has become quiet, he is dying!" said a gloomy voice in his heart, and he did not demand admittance.

"Very well, Ara! I will call again later. I wish him a speedy recovery," he replied, and turned his back upon the house.

He is dying. The *canaima* poison works surely, and in such a quantity it must hasten death. But Castaneda had no desire to see him die. Not for any price! What should he do to-day? Remain in his house? Marchena might send for him. No, that must not be! Let him die alone!

So he would go away from King's Court, away from human society—away into the woods—to the beautiful valley, to the glittering gold!

And with the same outfit as on the preceding day, Castaneda disappeared into the thicket of the tropical forest. The Indians, who were busy felling trees near by, greeted him, but he did not honor them with an answer. He merely looked around mechanically as he entered the woods, he sought his faithful companion Bezerillo—ah, he was dead!

He sighed and walked on. He was now perfectly familiar with the way; he needed no leader. Yesterday Callinago had warned him of the Indians, but he had already checked the rebellion in the very germ, and the savages had for some time stood in suitable awe of him.

How slowly Castaneda walked to-day! From time to time he must rouse himself and quicken his pace.

At length he stood at the edge of the gold-concealing abyss. Mechanically he fastened the rope to the tree, hung the bread bag around him, and slid down to the ledge. Mechanically he seized chisel and hammer and went up to the rock, but now he felt that he was weary, and so he seated himself to rest. The sun did not reach the ravine until after noon, and so the spot was not unpleasantly warm now.

Castaneda's lips were dry; he seized the water flask which hung at his side, and took a drink. Then he ate some manioca bread and thought of that evening when Marchena for the first time offered him this bread upon a plate.

Again this Marchena. Had his sufferings ended now? Probably, but there lay the gold for the sake of which Castaneda had done all. To work! he told himself. Work, work! His father's words

rang in his ears: "It is the greatest blessing for mankind; work and you will be happy." Castaneda seized his chisel and hammer and went to work. The bits of rock flew right and left. Here and there sparkled a bit of gold. Oh, this was larger than those which he had seen in Marchena's trunk, but to-day the sight did not electrify him. On the contrary, he held the hammer poised and did not strike; he stood there like a statue and pondered.

His thoughts were far from all gold. "A human life!" an inner voice whispered! A human life! Ah, that is something different! He had indeed ordered the Indians' hands cut off, but they were but savages who had wished to murder him. But this gentle, good-natured Marchena, this young man with the heart of gold, who even gave up gold for Ara so that the Carib should not torment her— yes, this was a different man; he was a Christian, a Spaniard, his brother!

"Nonsense, Castaneda!" said another inner voice. "In Spain they laughed at poor men. Poor men are trampled under foot. Become wealthy, and the world will bow before you."

He hammered at the rock again. And his heart beat violently, his conscience troubled him, and he sighed. Ah, if it all were but over!

He hammered, but he did not see the gold which fell at his feet; he worked blindly on at the hard stone. Before his eyes the rocks danced and quivered, his head was confused and his heart beat almost to bursting.

Minutes passed thus, and he did not hear the thrush singing above him.

Hee, hee, hee! What was that?

Hee, hee, hee!

Were not those yells above his head—a howl from many throats, as though a troop of devils were uniting in a song of triumph above him, as though they had come to carry the murderer to hell.

Hee, hee, hee!

He let the hand with the hammer sink. He scarcely dared raise his head to look at the devilish spirits above.

And there were renewed yells above, and these cries awoke him gradually from his heavy, heavy dreams. That was the war-cry of the Indians.

He looked up. There on the edge of the abyss danced a troop of devils—Indians in war-paint. And what was that? What were they throwing down at him? What was that which fell heavily at his feet? What was that so cold and heavy which struck him in the face? He looked up and shuddered.

They were four red hands, hands which yesterday he had ordered cut off. His face grew deathly pale, all the blood in his body rushed to his heart, which threatened to stop beating. One despairing glance toward the spot where the tree spread its branches over the precipice—the rope had vanished and an Indian swung it tantalizingly above him. He gave a cry of despair, he raised his hands. And look! The Indian threw him the rope. It fell upon his outstretched arms, and from above rang out wild, piercing, derisive laughter.

Castaneda broke down; he leaned against the rocky wall and rested his head in his hands, with which he covered his face.

"Prepare for death!" cried an inner voice. Then a stone flew down. They intended stoning him to death. And again a stone rattled down, and his foot twitched with pain.

"Lord, forgive my sins, I confess them, I repent!" cried Castaneda aloud, in his mortal terror.

But loud exclamations of opposition were heard above; the Indians were quarrelling among themselves; he only could understand the words: "Let him starve, let him thirst!"

Then the war-cry rang out again, and once more there was a burst of scornful laughter—and now

all was silent in the ravine once more. But Castaneda did not venture to raise his head. Moments, long moments, passed. Then the thrush began to sing again, and, between the enchanting notes of the wild dove, the harsh caw of a crow could be heard.

At length Castaneda looked up. The Indians had disappeared, but it had all been no mere dream of his excited fancy; the terrible mementos of his own ferocity, the blood-stained Indian hands, lay on the rocky ledge; the rope also lay at his feet, one of which pained him. All was terrible reality; the executioners had withdrawn; the gold mine was the grave in which he was buried alive.

Buried alive! Castaneda's hair stood on end in horror, but soon he rose and limped forward.

The sense of self-preservation had awakened in him, and at this moment all other feelings were stunned; his whole thought and efforts were exerted to save himself.

He went to the edge of the rocky ledge; the Indians had thrown him the rope; perhaps it was long enough, perhaps he could slide down it. Perhaps the ravine was not so deep as it seemed from above. If he could but slide down from ledge to ledge, and then climb down to the bottom.

Castaneda laid himself flat down on the rock, and crept to the very edge of the little plateau. He looked over, but a single glance destroyed all his hopes: the rope was fifty feet long, and the precipice fell two hundred feet below him, smooth and straight, down to the ravine in which the water of the mountain brook rippled.

There was no possibility of escape in this direction.

He went back and examined his prison—a bit of rock some hundred feet square, surrounded on three sides by steep walls of rock. His glance fell upon the four hands which lay near him. He could not endure their presence; he raised them shuddering, and threw them into the ravine.

Now his grave was clean, he thought, and seated himself.

He took courage and told himself that he had never before lost his head in the worst predicaments. The rocks were not so very high. Forty feet! A man could surely work his way up these. And had he not tools, a chisel and hammer? Could he not hew steps in the rocks?

He sprang up. To work at once! He chose for this purpose a portion of the rock which slanted slightly. It was broad at the bottom and grew smaller toward the top, but was firmly at-

tached to the main rock. The slight slope which it had was of immense advantage to Castaneda; this slope made the hewing of the steps easier. He set to work at once, but his foot, which had been bruised by the stone, pained him so much that he was forced to take off his boot. "If I had but some water!" he said. But the small quantity which remained in the flask must be saved for the future. He must work rapidly, for he must finish his task before his hunger or thirst became unbearable.

Castaneda began to hew the first step breast high. The bits of stone flew around him; and although the sun shone down hotly, the first step was finished in an hour.

He was forced to rest, but he looked at his work with satisfaction; in twenty-four hours he hoped to be up at the top, and he could surely hold out for twenty-four hours. With joy he now gazed up at the sky, for just then the sun disappeared behind a black cloud. The scorching rays of the sun no longer disturbed him; he could work on. He swung himself upon the first step, seated himself upon it and began to hew the second.

The task was more difficult on account of the unfavorable position of his body. But Castaneda continued bravely, until he was prevented by the approaching hurricane.

The wind whistled through the trees above him; fortunately the storm did not come from the exposed side—the mountain protected him; in the ravine it was comparatively calm.

He greeted the storm with joy, for it would bring him water, and the prisoner now prepared to hew a cistern in the rock at the edge of the ledge.

During the rain, which lasted but half an hour, Castaneda had collected about two cubic feet of water in two holes, had drunk all he needed for the night, and had also filled his flask with water.

He then went to work again; and before darkness had fully set in, the third step was finished; only six or seven more steps and he was saved.

He lay down to sleep, and this time his exhausted frame demanded its rights; the moon, however, which rose shortly before dawn, saw him again at work; but he now made but slow progress; the chisel was bent, and Castaneda's strength diminished, for he was terribly hungry.

In spite of all these difficulties, the fourth step was finished. But then the unwearied worker was forced to descend to rest, to eat and drink. The last bit of bread lay in his bag, and he had so much stone to hew before he reached the top.

He inspected his supply of water; it had sadly

diminished through evaporation, and Castaneda was filled with fresh anxiety.

His wounded foot had swollen and pained him more than yesterday. By this he was hindered in his work; and only slowly, very slowly, was the fifth step finished. The chisel was of no more use, it was so bent and blunted. He tried to straighten it, and it broke. The wooden handle of the hammer, too, had become loose.

It was already noon when he began the sixth step, but the blows against the rock became weaker and weaker; such exertions even Castaneda's iron constitution could not endure. He grew dizzy.

Slowly he slid down the rock and fell down upon the splintered fragments of stone on the ledge. His tongue clove to his gums, his temples throbbed, and sparks danced before his eyes.

Wearily he dragged himself to the water holes; the supply had dwindled to the tiniest quantity, and with trembling hands he scooped out the slime, but the small quantity did not quench his burning thirst—he was forced to take from his supply in the flask; and he ate the last bit of bread.

Then he looked up at the steps. A gigantic labor was yet to be performed, and his strength

was gone, his foot swelled more and more. Castaneda now gave up all hope.

Meanwhile the fiery ball of the sun slowly ascended over the mountain. Its rays already touched the edge of the ledge upon which Castaneda sat a prisoner. Smaller and smaller grew the strip of shade which the rocks threw.

One hour more and all would be flooded with sunlight, this narrow cell changed to a fiery oven.

Castaneda, tormented by the fear of death, tried to rouse himself to further effort; in vain, he was too exhausted; he sank back with a groan.

The sun now touched his feet; he laid himself close along the wall; for a brief time he would have shade.

His thoughts now flew back to his house. Now he had probably been missed. The settlers would come and ask for him. They would perhaps seek him in the woods; but Bezerillo, who could have found his traces, was dead.

They would perhaps open his chest and find the gold; but did they know where the mines were?

Ah, one person knew very well. One person, at sight of the gold, could immediately guess where Castaneda was; but the only one who could have saved him he had poisoned with his own hands. Marchena, like him, lay on his death-bed if the

merciful God had not before this freed him from his sufferings. The merciful God! Castaneda's thoughts took another direction—he meditated upon his past, his life full of sin and wrong-doing; remorse, fear of death and the judgment day came upon him, and in his helpless situation his mind sought consolation in the religion which in life he had neglected.

He prayed, he repented of his sins, he prayed to the Virgin, and began to make a vow.

If he were saved, saved by a miracle, he would give up his sinful life, he would do penance in the cloister Rábida, and devote the rest of his life to good works. He would then return to Hispaniola and here preach the Word of God, and convert the Indians, his fellow-men; would then show kindness to those whom he had formerly oppressed; would love those who were his enemies.

But his thoughts became confused, for the sun rose higher and higher in the heavens, and its scorching rays fell upon Castaneda's head. A fearful thirst tormented him, and he drank the last drop of water. It was but a drop, which scarcely for one moment counteracted the effect of the heat.

Castaneda recited a *pater noster* aloud; his voice was hoarse, the sound died on his lips, everything

grew dark before his eyes, his mind was wrapped in darkness; he still heard the thrush singing over head, the bird sang as sweetly as the nightingale in the rose thickets of Spain.

Then all consciousness left the sun's victim.

XVI.

Soon after Castaneda had left Liguria, Marchena came out of his house. He was fresh and lively, for he had not touched the poisoned bed.

"He was here and asked after your health," said Ara.

Marchena's face wore a pained expression.

"Come, Ara," he replied, "we will prepare for departure."

The day passed with these preparations. Marchena wished to start for San Domingo early the next morning. In the afternoon he fetched the gold nuggets from the hollow trunk in the woods and took leave of the many spots with which he had once connected such rosy hopes. Vega-real! How beautiful this country was, and how greatly the Spaniards' avarice had injured it!

The most faithful of his servants, who wished to remain with him, he resolved to take with him to found with them, near San Domingo, under the admiral's protection, a new settlement.

The last night in Liguria was spent quietly, and before dawn Marchena was astir.

He arranged the luggage, divided it among his people, and this occupied the first hours after sunrise. Marchena looked over toward King's Court from time to time.

Had Casteneda not seen these preparations for departure? Had he not learned of it through his spies? Would he not, impelled by curiosity, come over to learn what was going on?

Or did he believe himself discovered and was he ashamed? Yes, perhaps he did not dare look the man in the face whom he had wished to poison in the manner of the savage cannibal Caribs.

But Marchena would not leave Vega-real without taking leave of him. He donned his broad-brimmed straw hat, took his stick, and went to pay a farewell call upon his neighbor.

He was surprised that all was so quiet in King's Court. No columns of smoke rose against the blue sky; not a soul was to be seen in the fields. All was quiet in the savanna, only the crickets chirped in the tall grass, and the croak of the frogs was heard in the swamps.

He is busy clearing the woods, thought Marchena, as a reason for this strange silence, and walked on.

Close to the house he found Bezerillo's carcass, surrounded by swarms of flies and gnats. "You did not deserve that!" said he, gazing at the poor animal. "You deserved a better fate, for you were faithful to your master, poor Bezerillo."

He walked on. The yard was perfectly quiet, the house door stood wide open. Marchena went up the steps. He looked in the open door, but he started back in horror.

Close behind the door, which had been burst in, lay the Carib Callinago, with gaping wounds in his breast and head.

So it was the stillness of death which prevailed here. The Indians had avenged themselves for the oppressions which had daily befallen them. Oh, yes! Marchena at once knew that vengeance had been exercised here, for both of the Carib's hands had been cut off. That was the answer to the terrible execution.

But where was the Spaniard? where was Castaneda?

With beating heart Marchena stepped over the Carib's corpse and entered the room. No one was there. He entered the second room; this also was empty, but confusion reigned here.

The coverlets were gone, the pillows were destroyed, and all the furniture the pillagers had

THE INDIAN'S REVENGE.

taken away with them, even the iron of the locks and the nails; one thing alone had they left—the gold, it lay scattered on the ground. Marchena surveyed this treasure of Castaneda's scornfully. He was about to leave the room when he trod on a stone which crumbled under his feet; he glanced down involuntarily, and stood still in astonishment. He raised the bit of rock; it was gold ore, the same that he had found and had wished to show to the admiral.

Marchena inspected more closely the gold scattered on the floor. Yes, so it was; there were more similar pieces there.

This glittering metal now threw a ray of light upon the dark events of the last days.

Doubtless Castaneda had found the gold mines, and secretly worked them; doubtless also he suspected that Marchena knew of the mines. Now he had learned that Marchena wished to go to meet the admiral in San Domingo; he had feared that the former would communicate his discovery to Columbus, the rightful lord of all gold mines on Hispaniola; and to prevent this, Castaneda in his greed had availed himself of the Carib's malice, of poison. And had not Ara watched the gold-seeker's actions in Marchena's room, through a crack in the log walls—had she not warned her

master, he would surely now be lying upon the poisoned bed, dying a death of agony like poor Henry.

But where was the poisoner?

Marchena went to the Indian huts; the corpses of the other Caribs grinned at him in a ghastly manner. They had been overpowered in their sleep, and they also had been mutilated as a sign of revenge—their hands had also been cut off. The tormentors were dead.

But where was the master of King's Court?

Marchena went from hut to hut, and searched the whole place. Nowhere was there a trace of the Spaniard, of his countryman!

He stood there utterly overwhelmed. A sad foreboding tortured him. The Indians had taken Castaneda prisoner and had dragged him into the woods, there to leave him to a more lingering death. Perhaps he was still alive! He must be saved, at any price. Marchena at this moment had forgotten all Castaneda's faults—had forgotten that he had attempted his, Marchena's, life—he saw in him only his neighbor, his brother, a Christian and a Spaniard, who had a claim upon his help.

But how could he undertake the pursuit of the escaped robbers and rebels? Whither had they betaken themselves?

Marchena had no bloodhound who could find the scent; but, hold, the Spaniards in the neighborhood had bloodhounds. Marchena did not hesitate for an instant, but turned in that direction.

After a quarter of an hour's walk, he stood on a hill from which he could overlook the new settlements. He started back in dismay, for here also he saw no sign of life, no cloud of smoke near the huts, not a person visible in the fields. The savanna lay there as quiet as the grave; above it the sun poured down its burning hot rays.

Marchena hastened his steps; he must see what had happened, and he was prepared for the worst.

His suspicions had not deceived him: here also Death had reaped his harvest. The dogs were dead, the Caribs lay there dead, with their skulls broken, and both the Spaniards were dead, with their hands cut off.

And once more Marchena walked through scenes of horror from hut to hut; again he sought Castaneda's corpse, but did not find it.

On the steps of the veranda of one of the new farm-houses, near the corpse of a Christian, he seated himself to collect his confused, dismayed thoughts.

This night the Indians, then, had risen in Vega-

real. It had been a planned affair—death to all Christians. All? Was he not himself a Christian? was he not a pale-face like the others? Why did perfect peace now reign in Liguria?

His people had certainly known of the plot, but no one had touched a hair of his head. The feeling of gratitude was not then unknown to savage hearts—he was not their terrible oppressor.

He had neither arms nor bloodhounds; he had brought with him no Caribs for his protection; he relied solely upon the protection of the Most High, and he had used only justice and humanity as protecting weapons. And so he was the only Spaniard left alive in Vega-real: he fell on his knees and thanked God with a full heart.

The only one! was Castaneda, then, really dead?

They had surely fallen upon and murdered him in the woods. There could be no doubt of this, for if he were alive he would long since have come to Liguria. And what could he have been doing in the forest? A sudden idea flashed to Marchena's mind. Yes, yes, it was sure! Castaneda had gone to the mine. And if the Indians surprised him there in a ravine, he was hopelessly lost. Marchena fancied that he knew in what ravine Castaneda sought for gold. He knew where poor Henry set his nets, and where Callinago

had poisoned him. "And if I find nothing but his corpse," thought Marchena, "I have at least done my duty."

Meanwhile the noon hour was long since past, and Marchena sought in the deserted house for a piece of bread, went to the spring and quenched his thirst. Then he started for Liguria. The people who were to go with him waited for him before his house door, the others were not to be seen: from the expressions of the Indians Marchena saw that they knew all, and that he had no news to tell them.

"We are ready, master," said Ara.

Marchena shook his head.

"Not yet, Ara!" said he.

"Why?" asked she, in astonishment. "Vega-real is deserted. We are still here to accompany you to Cibao; then we also shall return to the woods. You have nothing more to seek here, Marchena!"

Marchena looked at her calmly; wild defiance sparkled in her eyes. "You have nothing more to seek here," she had said. So then they hated him also because he was a Spaniard—so intensely that they did not wish to see him in their midst, and would only give him an escort to the border of Vega-real.

"No, Ara," he replied calmly, "I am not going yet, and I must stay here until I have found him whom I miss!"

"Whom do you, then, seek?"

"Castaneda!"

"The *canaima!*" cried the Indian, in surprise.

"Yes, he is a Spaniard and I cannot leave him."

"The *canaima!*" repeated Ara. Then her eyes sparkled and she cried: "I know—you wish to revenge yourself upon him!"

Marchena shook his head and looked at her reprovingly.

"Have you forgotten, Ara, what I told you of our God? He commanded us to forgive those who injure us. 'Love your enemies,' he commanded."

"And what will you do when you find him?"

"I will save him, Ara."

"Oh, never!" cried Ara, while her eyes flashed wild hatred.

"Never?"

Then Marchena went closer to her and said: "Do you remember the hour, Ara, when you knelt before me with Henry in the moonlight? Who freed you then from the hands of the terrible Carib? Our God commanded me to protect you, and he commands me to save Castaneda."

"Do not speak so loud," replied Ara, more gently, "or else you are a dead man. The Indians hate the Spaniards!"

"Ara, he is alive; you know where he is," whispered Marchena.

She lowered her lashes and struggled with herself.

"Ara," he continued in a whisper, "be merciful as I was merciful to you. Your revenge is complete. Callinago is dead. I will save my *canaima*. Tell me where he is."

"I cannot refuse your request," replied she. "But let the people go on to Cibao, or else we are lost if they learn what we wish to do."

Marchena gave the necessary commands. Ara spoke softly to her fellow-countrymen; then the little train set out.

"Ara, what did you tell them?" asked Marchena, as the Indians went away.

"They will set down your luggage on the hill near Cibao, and then take refuge in the woods, where we have found a new home, far from the Spaniards."

The Indians disappeared in the distance.

"Ara," continued Marchena, "tell me—where is Castaneda? Is he really alive?"

"He must still be alive!" replied the Indian.

"You torture me!" cried Marchena. "Tell me the whole truth, Ara."

"Oh, he must feel happy: he has his chisel and hammer, and can collect gold, bright gold, for which he seeks so greedily. But he has no bread, and gold does not satisfy one's hunger, and no water springs from the rocks, and he has no wings with which to fly up and away. He has the rope lying at his feet, but his hands are too short to fasten it up above, and it is too short to reach to the bottom of the ravine where the water rushes. And the sun burns, Marchena. Burns fearfully! It kills men. And he is not alone: four hands keep him company—four bloody hands which he has cut off from our people!"

"He is in the ravine!" cried Marchena, springing up, "and you have cut the rope?"

"Yes, under the meadow where his friend the *canaima* Callinago surprised my Henry like a serpent. There he lies, and suffers torture without end. He is buried alive. Perhaps he is already dead, for the sun shines down with scorching heat to-day."

"Ara! and we delay?" cried Marchena. "Come, we must hurry as on the wings of the wind!"

"So you wish to go there, Marchena?" asked Ara mockingly. "What are you thinking of?

It is a long distance, and we must take bread with us; and then, have you wings with which to fly down to him? We must have a rope. Your ropes are packed; we must look for a rope in the Indian village. Do you see to the bread, I will attend to the rope."

It was already late in the afternoon, and Marchena, after bread and a rope were procured, urged her to set out, but Ara opposed him.

"Impossible!" said she. "You must wait until twilight. If any of our people were to see you on your way to the forest, he would guess your purpose and be ahead of you. Besides, you must take your weapon—your sword—with you, for there is war in King's Court between us and the whites, and you might meet Indians who did not know you."

Marchena silently took his sword and hung it over his arm in Arabian style.

"Ara," he cried, "I shall not sneak away under the shades of night. Follow me or I go alone!"

He grasped the rope which she held in her hand.

"You will!" said she in surprise. "You are not afraid? Good, I have warned you. Go! go alone. I will not expose myself to the rage of my people for the sake of a *canaima!*"

He really started; he walked away rapidly, without glancing back at her. Then Ara sprang up. "I must protect him if he meets our people," said she, and hurried after him.

Soon after they disappeared into the forest.

The yard of Liguria was empty; birds twittered in the trees, mice ventured out of the storehouse. The smoke of the house fire rose for the last time from this spot.

It was already twilight when Marchena crossed the little meadow above the abyss, and cried at the top of his voice, "Castaneda! Castaneda!"

He listened as he pushed on, but there was no answer. With a beating heart he went to the edge of the precipice, and, once more calling, "Castaneda!" he looked down into the depths. All was silence, but in the half-light he perceived a human form lying outstretched upon the ledge.

"Castaneda!" he cried. "You are alive, are you not. Oh, pray, answer me; it is I, Marchena. I am come to rescue you."

He listened, but there was no answering call from below.

Then Ara rushed out of the woods and hurried up to him.

"Silence!" cried she; "do not betray yourself.

They may be near! Quickly to work; see if he is still alive."

Soon the rope was fastened to the tree, and Marchena slid down, while Ara kept watch above.

Marchena stood before Castaneda, bent over him, shook him, but he did not stir. By the last ray of light he gazed into the face of the unconscious man. Foam was on his lips, his eyes were closed, but he still groaned.

Marchena did not hesitate. He seized his flask and poured the invigorating fluid between the dying man's lips; then he wet his chest and face, and called to Ara to lower him the second flask.

The moon now rose above the mountain, and Marchena could see the unconscious Castaneda more plainly. He bathed his face, poured water between his lips once more, and he perceived that this had its effect—the breath came more easily. But in spite of all his shaking, his calls, he could not rouse him from his stupor.

"Marchena," whispered Ara from above, "we cannot stay here forever. Come, draw him up. Marchena, do you hear? They may come, and then you will both die—you and he."

Marchena now gave up all efforts to rouse him, fastened the rope around him, and Ara drew her mortal enemy up from the horrible abyss.

Once more the rope slid down, then Marchena also stood above beside Ara, who gazed down at the unconscious Castaneda in perplexity. "We must carry him away," said she; "but where?"

"I know a safe hiding-place," replied Marchena. "A cave near the waterfall. Thick bushes conceal the entrance. No one will find us there. It is not far away. Help me carry him, Ara."

It was not far, but with this heavy weight, in the darkness but faintly illuminated by the moonlight, through tangled underbrush, by steep precipices, the march was not easy and took a long time.

At length they stood before a thicket.

"We are at the place," said Marchena. "Behind that thicket is the cave."

He went ahead and showed Ara the way. They then returned, and soon after vanished behind the bushes with their load.

The morning star shone in the sky, the outlines of the trees became more distinct in the approaching dawn. From its lofty eyrie the eagle, the king of the air, arose. Its loud, piercing cry announced the sunrise, and soon after the sky became crimson, and a golden ray of light fell upon the high mountain-tops.

The birds twittered in the forest, but suddenly

a piercing howl of rage rang out in the distance. It came from the gold mine by the ravine, and was repeated many times. It made the hearts of those hidden in the cave tremble, for they knew what this howl of rage meant. The Indians had discovered that the victim of their revenge had escaped them.

No ray of sunlight penetrated to the gloomy cave which lay behind the thicket, but in spite of this the air within was not close, for it found constant circulation through nicks and crevices which led outward through the rock. From one side a small spring issued, which, soon after leaving the cave, lost itself in the thick undergrowth and tall foliage plants of the forest.

This lack of sunshine, this cool, slowly circulating air, this murmuring, cold spring, were for the time of true benefit to the sick Castaneda.

Yes, he was ill. The sun, the pitiless glowing sun, had made him ill. Exposed to its scorching rays he had been sunstruck, and, although Marchena's coming had saved him from death for the moment, he was not yet out of danger. He lived, but he suffered with an inflammation of the brain, from which he could but slowly recover. He was unconscious; he lay there, now sunk in a stupefied slumber, now murmuring confused words. He

was feverish, and the cool air was good for his condition, and the cold spring was his medicine, while near him sat a pitying sister, and cooled his head with cold compresses, and from time to time wet his lips with the cooling fluid. This pitying sister was Ara. She nursed the *canaima*. She was surprised at herself for doing this, for yesterday she had hated this man with all her heart. Her heart had rejoiced that he had fallen a victim to this revenge. And to-day she nursed him! Marchena had set her the example of how one should love one's enemies, should do good to them; and the savage Ara felt that such an act elevated a human being, made him happy—felt it without being clear about it, without being able to explain it in words.

Her eyes did not sparkle as savagely as before, her defiance was broken. In this moment Ara's features wore a nobler expression; she was a woman, mild and good as women should be.

Strange power of Christianity, which ennobles humanity, which replaces hatred and conflict with love and forgiveness, a desire for the gratification of passion with renunciation. This power acted upon the savage, and lifted her up to a higher existence.

But where was he who had ennobled Ara by

his example? Where was the bold, brave, and yet so mild Marchena?

He was now far from the cave; Ara alone nursed the *canaima*, Ara alone guarded him; and Marchena could rest assured that, as long as Ara lived, not a hair of the head of the poor, mortally ill man would be harmed.

XVII.

Marchena arrived in Cibao, weary and exhausted, on the evening of the same day. Among the adherents of the mutinous Judge Roldan an indescribable excitement prevailed. The admiral had arrived in San Domingo.

The hour of retribution had surely arrived for the rebels. Oh, no! Christopher Columbus was no knight of the conquest, no conqueror such as the New World learned to know later. In his veins flowed no such blood as that of a Cortez or Pizarro; he did not draw his sword to chastise the rebels. The admiral temporized.

That did not soften the rebels. On the contrary, they became more and more audacious. Trusting to the Genoese's brilliant descriptions, they had come to this island; now Columbus and his brother looked upon the mines as a family monopoly, and yet the soldiers did not even receive their pay. Many of the soldiers had indeed put aside gold from the mines, but others had

not been so fortunate and had actually remained poor. Many of them were exhausted by illness, and had not received pay for more than a year. In Spain it was not thought necessary to send money to the discovered King Solomon's Ophir. They were weary of life on Hispaniola, and a strange oath passed from mouth to mouth, "As truly as God brings me again to Castile."

Columbus wished to be rid of this dissatisfied element, and, in a friendly letter addressed to Roldan, he offered them ships to transport them to Spain.

They were now discussing in Cibao the answer which they should give the admiral. Some of Roldan's adherents demanded two ships with provisions for the voyage, a promise in writing from the admiral that the pay due them should be paid when they arrived in Spain, and a certificate that they had well earned this in the New World, in the service of the king of Castile.

But others thought that those who wished to remain should receive free land and passports, and demanded that Roldan should be restored to the position of judge.

"Do not fear him," cried the bolder ones; "he has already become tamer in speech; he will consent to everything; and if it comes to the worst,

we have made an alliance with the Indians of Cibao, and can conquer San Domingo."

In the midst of this confusion Marchena appeared in Cibao. He was known as a faithful adherent of the Genoese, and they eyed him askance.

He began to tell of the Indian revolt, he begged for help to rescue a mortally ill Spaniard, for people who could bring Castaneda to Cibao under a safe escort.

The Spaniards would not listen to him. "Let us first arrange the matter of our pay," they replied. "Why did you separate yourself from the others, and go into the wilderness alone?"

In vain did Marchena appeal to all feelings of humanity, of the duty to assist a Christian in his need.

"Later; not to-day," was the only answer he received.

"Or are you willing to pay us the money due us?" said another, scornfully.

"In truth, yes!" cried Marchena. "I will lead you to gold mines which will far surpass all your expectations."

"Listen, he has found gold mines!" came from the group of bystanders, and a number of soldiers crowded around Marchena.

"Show the specimens of gold!"

"Do not believe his mere word!"

"He is a friend of the Genoese!"

"Let him show the gold!"

These exclamations came from all sides, and the circle of curious listeners became larger.

Even Roldan, the judge of the colony and leader of the rebels, appeared. They made way for him and he stood before Marchena.

"What do you want with us?" he asked him savagely.

"Help for an unfortunate Spaniard," replied Marchena.

"For one of the admiral's faithful friends?" replied Roldan. "Why do you not apply to Isabella or San Domingo? Shall we be good enough to save your comrade, so that you may then assist the Genoese in oppressing us? As truly as God brings me back again to Castile, I will not do it!"

"Roldan," replied Marchena calmly, "the unfortunate man is a friend of yours. Castaneda lies helpless in the mountains."

"Castaneda!" cried Roldan. "Oh, then it is quite different. But tell me, has Castaneda really discovered gold mines?"

Marchena made no reply, but drew a purse from his pocket. It was the same which Casta-

neda had once found in his trunk. He silently handed it to Roldan.

He opened it. His eyes rested upon the gold for a long time, then he raised one of the nuggets in his hand and cried: "Castilians, we have our back pay! Castaneda and Marchena pay us! Forward, let us follow the brave fellow!"

The gold nugget went from hand to hand. The enthusiasm grew, the admiral's letter was forgotten, and all pressed forward preparations for departure. In a few hours the colonists were ready for marching, and but a few remained in Cibao. Marchena was the honored man—he must ride beside Roldan, who now inquired sympathetically as to the fate of the brave Castaneda.

The valley which had been the scene of so many exciting scenes was from this time called the Gold Valley, and Roldan and his band settled in it.

The gold mines were rich; besides the one opened by Castaneda, others were found, and now the men won the pay due them. The ship which the admiral had placed at their disposal remained unused. No one now thought of returning home.

But the discoverers of the mines did not work in them.

They dwelt in a simple, hastily erected hut on

one of the green slopes of the valley. Here Marchena, assisted by Ara, nursed the unfortunate *canaima*, who had not yet fully recovered consciousness.

Ara remained with Marchena; she now feared to return to her people, for they knew that she had participated in Castaneda's rescue, and this treachery would never be forgiven her. So she remained under the protection of her new friend the Christian.

She was dejected, and once when Marchena wished to console her she replied gloomily: "My hours are numbered. There is no more happiness on earth for me. Revenge never sleeps. The poisoned spear of the avenger will pierce me."

Marchena calmed her, but he himself shared her fears. He made her promise that she would never leave the Spaniard's bedside, and promised her, as soon as Castaneda's condition improved, to remove with her to San Domingo, where she would be safe from the plots of the avengers. She was silent to this. Her gayety was gone forever.

Beside the sick-bed she listened to accounts of the God of the Christians; she listened to the mild commands of their religion, but she did not understand one thing. "Why do not the other white men do the good that they are commanded?

Your God is not their God!" she frequently replied to Marchena.

Two weeks had passed since the unfortunate day in the ravine. Marchena sat beside the sick-bed. He thought of the admiral; he could now bring him no joyful news. The gold had fallen into the hands of his enemies. But Marchena felt that he could not have acted otherwise. None of the rebels would have gone into the mountains in these excited times, merely to protect Castaneda. For the sake of the gold every one would stake his life, and so in this case the gold had done good. Castaneda was saved, and now Marchena would perhaps succeed in bringing him from the paths of crime to those of virtue.

He looked down at the pale invalid. He lay there with wide-opened eyes; the staring look had left them. Castaneda had recovered consciousness.

Marchena bent over him with satisfaction, and asked. "How are you feeling, Castaneda?"

"I am weak," murmured the sick man. "Where am I? This is not my house."

"You are with friends, Castaneda," replied Marchena. "Will you have something to eat or drink?"

The invalid nodded.

"Give me something to drink," said he.

Marchena brought a cup and Castaneda drank. Then his head fell back among the pillows and he said softly: "Yesterday the nightingale sang as sweetly as in the rose thickets of Spain. The song still rings in my ears. But, Marchena, I wish to go to the cloister; tell me, is it far to Rábida?"

Then Marchena seized Castaneda's hand, and while he pressed it gently, he said, "We are in Hispaniola, friend!"

Now Marchena felt how the sick man started. His eyes were fixed upon Marchena, and his face expressed terror and anxiety, and with the greatest excitement the words came from his lips: "Who are you? Is not Marchena dead?"

"I am Marchena—your friend," said he gently.

"You are really alive—you did not sleep in the bed yesterday?"

"Do not excite yourself, Castaneda. Everything is well."

The patient's strength was exhausted, his eyes closed again, and he merely breathed the words, "He lives."

Then he again fell into a deep sleep.

From day to day Castaneda's condition improved; gradually he recalled the events in the ravine, but the stronger he became the less he

spoke of them; he was wholly silent as to his crime, the gold mines and the savage Indians.

"When I am well," he frequently said, "I must leave Hispaniola and go to Rábida; Father Juan will receive me; I have made a vow, and the Holy Virgin saved me."

Marchena did not contradict him, and he also awaited with impatience the day when Castaneda could be carried in a litter to Cibao, and then to San Domingo.

And this day had arrived. Six Indians were taken as bearers, and the feeble Castaneda, sick and miserable, was carried out of the Gold Valley which had once been the object of all his wishes. He had not a grain of gold with him, and did not long for any. Marchena and Ara accompanied him. "You need no escort," said Roldan as they parted. "We have made peace with the Indians."

The way led down the mountain, and was now easier. The gold-diggers had made a path through the woods, but the little caravan advanced but slowly, for the Indians were forced to carry the litter carefully so as to spare the convalescent.

"We have time enough!" said Marchena.

But Ara shook her head and said: "No, we must hurry, as long as we are in the woods. These

paths are not safe, and in the ravines lurk ambuscades."

Marchena smiled.

"The Indians are at peace with us," he repeated.

Ara was silent and walked on beside Marchena. The little procession now descended a slope. Marchena watched Ara, who scanned the thicket at either side of the path with the eyes of a falcon. "She fears the presence of her people," he thought to himself. "To be sure, although peace has been made, revenge never sleeps." But the forest would soon cease now, and in the savanna they need fear no ambush.

At this moment Ara cried out and sprang into the thicket on the right. But behind her flew a spear and remained sticking in a tree. Only in one spot the twigs of the bushes quivered. The spear had evidently been thrown at Ara.

Marchena hurried to Castaneda's litter to protect him if needful; he called to Ara to return; and when she emerged from the thicket the little train set out again. The Indians looked scornfully at the trembling woman. Did the bearers know of the plot?

Marchena hurried them forward, and he also drew a breath of relief when they entered the savanna. Ara's fate now occupied his thoughts.

She was lost among the Indians, and among the Spaniards no happy lot awaited her. He was trying to decide whether to return to Spain with Castaneda or to remain in Hispaniola. His decision depended upon what he should learn in San Domingo, but he suspected that matters there would not be to his taste.

He therefore joined Ara and began to tell her of his home. The Indian listened to him, with lowered gaze; then she glanced up at him, and said in a trembling voice, "You wish to return to the home of the white men?"

"Perhaps, Ara!"

"And you will leave me here?"

"That is for you to decide," he replied slowly. "Remember that this island is your home. There across the sea all will be new to you."

She did not answer, but her eyes filled with tears.

Marchena's little band now marched along the coast toward the new settlement, the first in the New World which deserved the name of city—toward San Domingo.

"It lies behind that hill; from the summit you can see it," he had been told, and he walked quickly on ahead of Castaneda's litter, and soon stood upon the crest of the hill. Yes, there at his

feet lay the city with a church and several stone houses; there was the harbor in which six proud ships rode at anchor. Around the city were cleared fields. Marchena's eyes could distinguish luxuriant sugar-cane. Oh, how the governor Bartholomew had been slandered! This settlement was a gigantic work, this settlement with the unfavorable, uneasy elements only a man with iron energy could have founded. And did not this Genoese work for Spain's aggrandizement? Did not the lion of Castile float above the fort? Oh, the ungrateful men!

Once in sight of this flourishing settlement, Marchena wavered in his former resolve. He had maintained the post at which the admiral had stationed him, in the interior of the land, to the best of his ability; was it not his duty to place himself at the governor's disposal once more, instead of returning to Spain in a cowardly fashion like the others?

Meanwhile, the litter with Castaneda had been carried forward. Even the former gold-seeker uttered an exclamation of joy, but it was not the sight of the city and fields which delighted him. He folded his hands and cried: "Thank God, there are ships yonder; I can return to Spain."

Ara, on the contrary, stood there as if petrified. She had never before seen such a city; and when Marchena told her of the cities of Spain, she sought to picture a scene of very large Indian huts. And such gigantic boats, such monsters, as she saw lying at anchor in the huge, mirror-like sea of the harbor! These were incomprehensible wonders for the child of the wilderness.

They went farther along the beach, they approached the harbor, and must cross a projecting tongue of land. Marchena's eyes were fixed upon the city; he counted the houses, and cried: "Castaneda, they deceived us in the mountains. The city is large—Roldan cannot possibly defy it; the admiral's following is enormous, and the number of rebels grows less and less."

"Do not deceive yourself, Marchena," replied the invalid quietly. "The place of execution is not lacking in this new city even, and I believe the viceroy rules his subjects through fear and terror. However peaceful it may look from a distance, the city is not so in reality. Look at this tongue of land; here are the tokens—seven gallows!"

Marchena followed Castaneda's gaze, and his face grew deathly pale. Yes, there, surrounded by ravens, stood seven gallows, and upon them hung

the corpses of seven Spaniards! He bowed his head and walked on in silence.

"So it has come to this!" he thought to himself. "The admiral has ordered executions." Marchena was a Spaniard himself; he knew the hot blood of his country-people. That must enrage them. The admiral was playing into Roldan's hands.

Then Ara came up to him and asked him: "What is the meaning of these Spanish corpses? Is this the way the Christians bury their dead?"

The words cut him to the heart; he walked on in silence.

They had reached the city, but whither should they turn? Marchena asked at the first door, where he could find shelter for himself and the sick man in his care.

"Go to the inn near the harbor," was the answer. "You come from the new mines—you will be warmly received—there is much to be had there: Spanish meat, Spanish bread, and Spanish wine. You can live splendidly. Gold can be of no value to you now."

Gold! gold! Yes, in the first city of the New World the same state existed on a small scale as in the old cities of Europe. Those were welcomed who came with full purses. But the wanderers

but the half in which we are now forms the point of the pear. This apex lies south of the Gulf of Paria, and from thence come enormous masses of water in gigantic rivers, so that in the entire bay the water has a sweet taste. Without doubt the greatest river of the world is also there to be found, and it comes from that pear-shaped apex, and upon it lies Paradise."

Marchena listened to these tales, but he was now very little inclined to enthusiasm; and the host, too, laughed coarsely, and said: "Before the gates of Paradise the angel with the flaming sword probably still stands. It is all the same whether we live in Spain or Hispaniola: we must torment ourselves and slave everywhere. It is the same everywhere."

It was a long time before the admiral returned from his journey, and the governor also remained absent. Marchena's money meanwhile dwindled rapidly, and he was worried as to what he should do. He would soon be forced to borrow from the landlord, for here in the city the hospitality common in Vega-real was unknown.

The host did not look pleased when this proposition was made him. "Hm! said he, "I thought you had been more industrious in the mines. But wait. I can get you help. I know a Spaniard

who will buy the slave, Ara. I will bring him here to-morrow."

Marchena refused this offer in horror. He told the host of Ara's fidelity, of the assistance she had rendered in rescuing Castaneda; but all this did not touch the hard-hearted man.

"To-morrow your week is up," said he. "If you can no longer pay, you must leave my house. My inn is no hospital."

With a heavy heart Marchena was forced to tell the sick man the whole truth. Castaneda received the news calmly.

"Outside of the city," said he, "stand empty Indian huts in which dwell the beggars of San Domingo. I will go there and wait until a ship sails for Spain. I am in the king's service, and they must give me free transportation. But you remain here with the rest of your money."

"No," replied Marchena. "I will not leave you, and will go outside the city gates with you. The admiral must surely return soon."

The next day, the 23d of August, had arrived, and, leaning upon Marchena, Castaneda left the inn. Ara followed them.

They found shelter in a frail hut. A couple of impoverished Spaniards and a number of Indians were their neighbors.

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"I fancied this would be the end of our Indian voyage!" said Castaneda. "Would that we had remained in Spain! But listen, Marchena; this must go on no longer. I am a burden upon you. You must do for me no longer. Go back to the Gold Valley with Ara. There you will be cordially received!"

"Never!" replied Marchena. "I hate this life in Hispaniola, and I too long for home. But one thing troubles me—Ara's fate. What will become of her if we leave her here alone? And if we take her with us she will pine in Spain like a strange plant."

"She has really sacrificed herself for me," said Castaneda. "It is therefore my duty to care for her."

Marchena made no answer, for out in the harbor a cannon was discharged. A strange excitement filled the miserable huts. "A fleet from Spain!" passed from mouth to mouth.

In fact two ships lay at anchor, but none of the passengers made any attempt to land, for it was already late in the evening. Some of the men from the neighboring huts went to the city, and late in the night brought back news that an officer of the king, a judge, had arrived.

"Oh, the Crown has listened to our complaints,"

cried the dissatisfied and sorely tried men. "We shall be protected from the avarice of the Genoese."

Early in the morning of the next day, Marchena went to the beach, upon which a crowd of curious people had assembled.

The king's judge, Francisco de Bobadilla, landed; he and his armed troop went first to the church to hear mass. The inhabitants of the city were full of excitement, for there was something unusual in Bobadilla's manner. What orders did he bring with him? Did he confirm the government of the Genoese, or was the king inclined to fulfil the wishes and petitions of the opposite party?

The mass was at an end, and the Spaniards stood before the church. Bobadilla came out of the building; his soldiers surrounded him in a semicircle; a notary came forward, unrolled a parchment, and read the king's mandate.

Columbus had no more power on the island. The king commanded that Columbus should surrender the highest military power to Bobadilla, and that Bobadilla from that time should exercise civil authority on the island. Bobadilla had the right to banish any one, without exception, forcibly from the island, should he prove dangerous to the welfare of the colony.

The Spaniards and the enemies of the Genoese

heard it with astonishment, and murmured approvingly, while their friends stood by in alarm.

But now other mandates of the king were read aloud.

All who were in the king's service were to receive the back pay due them at once.

"Long live the king!" ran from mouth to mouth. The soldiers and officers from this moment were on Bobadilla's side. But the plain citizens, the Spanish people of Hispaniola, did not yet know what to say to this change of rule.

Then yet another mandate was read to them. From this day the gold mines were no longer to be a family monopoly of the viceroy; every one could work for himself, and a single tax was imposed—the eleventh part of the winnings was to be surrendered to the Crown.

The joy of the populace now knew no end.

Bobadilla advanced upon the fortress. The commander surrendered without the slightest resistance; then Bobadilla went to Columbus' house, of which he took possession, and whose papers he sealed. It was seen that he had come to oppose the viceroy. But if here and there sympathy was felt for Columbus, it was suppressed, and all hearts went out to the new governor when he gave orders that the corpses of the seven Spaniards

were to be taken down from the gallows and buried with Christian honors, as the dead were Spaniards.

Marchena did not share in the universal satisfaction; he remained faithful to Columbus, for he knew that the colonists were themselves responsible for the greater part of the unfortunate condition of affairs in the colony. Bobadilla's whole procedure seemed to him an act of the roughest force, and in his eyes the Crown of Castile was guilty of the blackest ingratitude.

He returned to the miserable huts, and told Castaneda of these important, unheard-of events. Castaneda was not troubled by them.

"Well," said he, "I will get my pay to-morrow, and will no longer be a burden upon you. It was bound to come. The Crown has at length perceived how matters are."

But Marchena thought differently. This time he was carried away by his passion. He buckled on his sword and went out. Castaneda shook his head. "Surely in his zeal for Columbus he will not go too far and rebel against the king," he thought.

Marchena really thought of this. He was firmly convinced that Columbus would not submit calmly to such disgraceful treatment, and that he would

defend, sword in hand, his rights in the lands discovered by him, and bestowed upon him by Spain.

He therefore went to meet him, to join his band, to fight for him, to die for him.

A long, long march was before him. He had walked for hours in the savanna, when he heard in the distance the sound of horses' hoofs. Roldan rode with his followers to San Domingo; mounted messengers had brought him news of Bobadilla's arrival, and of the victory of the anti-Columbus party. The troop of riders were happy and of good courage, and Marchena avoided them.

He walked on through the savanna, and quickened his pace. Perhaps a trap would be set for the admiral to get him into Bobadilla's power by trickery, but he should be warned.

After an hour he again heard hoof-beats behind him. Was any one following him? Had his absence been observed in San Domingo, and his intentions guessed? He left the path and tried to conceal himself in the tall grass.

But he had been seen, and soon after a rider paused in front of him. Marchena looked up. It was none other than Alonso Ojeda.

Ojeda also recognized his old friend. "Hey, Marchena!" he cried; "is it really you, and are

you trying to hide from us in the grass like a hare? Oh, you are weary, my friend," he added smilingly. "Well, your efforts were in vain. We will reach Columbus before you. Do not look so unhappy. I will not carry him away from his faithful people, as I once did Caonabo. I will merely invite him to appear in San Domingo, and justify himself concerning the cruelties practised upon Spaniards. Do you know that Queen Isabella does not wish this crazy government to continue here? While I was at court in Sevilla a fleet arrived from the New World. Every one was anxious to see what treasures of gold and spices would be exhibited, but what had Columbus sent? A number of slaves for the Andalusian markets. You should have seen the flush of anger which colored our gracious queen's face. There are no more slave markets in Spain. The Moorish dominion is at an end. And a new era is to dawn here. But we have no time now; we will see each other in San Domingo."

The riders trotted off, and Marchena stood still overwhelmed with dismay. A summons! But was not Columbus viceroy? Was he, the discoverer of the New World, a common criminal, that he was treated thus? Ah, he was but a Genoese among Spaniards; that was his greatest

crime; and therefore he was condemned before he was heard.

But what was that? Behind the hill near by, upon the summit of which the riders just then appeared, was heard the fanfare of trumpets. Columbus was approaching with his troops. Marchena rushed in this direction, for the decisive hour was at hand, and he wished to witness the meeting.

Ojeda stood on the crest of the hill and waited until the admiral's band, returning unsuspiciously to San Domingo, approached him. Then he unfolded a small standard and his companions blew the usual signal.

One of Columbus' men rode forward in astonishment and asked the riders who they were.

"We bring a message from the king. Tell the admiral that I wish to speak to him."

A few minutes after, Ojeda stood beside the admiral and gave him a summons from Bobadilla and a copy of the king's mandate and letter of authority.

Silence prevailed while the admiral read the paper. Yes, he was but the admiral of the ocean which he had crossed; in no portion of the letter was he referred to as viceroy. Marchena's eyes were fixed upon the great man's face. His fea-

tures betokened deep, deep pain, but then he controlled himself and said calmly, "I submit to the will of my monarch, and follow you, Ojeda." Then he turned to his followers, and while he handed the paper to one of his officers he said: "Read that—it is not meant for me alone. The whole world must learn how Christopher Columbus is treated in Hispaniola. Read it, and give the papers to my brother, the governor." Then he turned again to Ojeda and said, "I am ready," and rode in the direction of San Domingo.

The admiral's soldiers stood there as if struck by lightning. What did these papers contain? The officers read them, the soldiers learned the contents in fragments, until at length they assembled and the letters were read aloud to them.

"To San Domingo!" cried one.

"The gold mines are free!"

"Let us get our pay before the money boxes are empty!"

"Long live the king of Castile and Leon!" thundered through the savanna.

Marchena scarcely believed his ears and eyes. Were these Columbus' faithful followers?

The troop set in motion again.

"Halt!" cried one of the officers. "Who will carry these papers to the governor?"

"He is no longer the governor!" answered one of the soldiers.

"I must go to San Domingo!" another excused himself.

No one volunteered for this errand, and Marchena cried angrily: "Give the letters here! I will take them to the governor."

"Oh—he has come with the king's messengers, give him the letters," cried several voices, and the officer hastened to place the documents in Marchena's hand.

The governor did not submit as readily as his brother to the king's commands. He did not find the papers in order; there was no expressed degrading of Columbus from the dignity of viceroy; and if Columbus was viceroy, he was the highest official on the island, and higher in authority than Bobadilla.

"Had I but been with him!" cried the governor, setting his teeth; and in a fiery address to his soldiers he strengthened their fidelity to him and his brother by calling their attention to the persecution and neglect which they could expect from the new rule, as they had remained faithful to the old, regular one. He resolved to march to Isabella and overpower the old settlement.

Meanwhile Bobadilla's adherents in San Do-

mingo had also sent their messages, not to the governor, but to his soldiers. They came as if on their own account to their friends and comrades, and told them of the promising new order of things, of the freedom of the mines; they rattled the money in their pockets, and loudly praised the king of Castile who had paid them the back pay due them, through the noble Francisco de Bobadilla. The tempters were quite fortunate in their efforts. The band of faithful adherents to the brave governor grew less and less; the rest of the soldiers were discouraged, so that Bartholomew could no longer think of carrying out his plan against Isabella.

The remnant of opposition to the new governor was at length vanquished by a letter from Columbus. In this he summoned his brother to submit to the king's command and come to San Domingo. "What is Columbus doing now?" one of the soldiers asked the messenger.

"Oh, he is in safe keeping," was the answer.

"What! Has he been imprisoned?"

"Yes, and put in chains."

A murmur of astonishment passed through the crowd.

Then the governor gave orders to march, and gloomily they proceeded to San Domingo.

Marchena was most deeply affected of all. He remembered the hour when he saw Columbus for the first time, when the bells were ringing in Palos for his reception, and a procession went out to meet him. He thought of how the admiral, admired by all, went to the court at Barcelona; and now—oh, what irony of fate! what human ingratitude! he who had given a New World to Castile and Leon was imprisoned and in chains.

LET SPAIN SEE THE IGNOMY THAT IS PLACED UPON ME.

XVIII.

It had happened—the governor, too, had been taken prisoner; the other brother, Diego, had met with the same fate before this.

Great rejoicing reigned among the populace in San Domingo. Prisoners had been sent from Spain, and Bobadilla admonished the people that they should engage in useful occupations. But his admonitions were unheeded. What was more useful than digging gold in the mines, when, instead of the third, they need surrender but the eleventh part? A stream of people set out for the mining districts; even the farmers of the neighborhood left their settlements to wander to the gold mines. They offered their houses and fields upon the streets at absurdly low prices, if only they could find purchasers.

The door of the prison closed behind the governor, and Marchena left the city to seek the huts outside. He found there Ara and Castaneda. The latter was no longer as sad as formerly.

"Marchena, you look pale and exhausted," said he. "You have been with the governor. Come, strengthen yourself; I have received my pay, and can entertain you with Spanish wine and Spanish bread!"

He led him to the miserable hut where these treasures lay spread out upon the ground.

"Do not torment yourself!" Castaneda consoled the preserver of his life. "No harm will be done Columbus here. He will be sent back to Spain, and the king will judge him more mildly. You can accompany him," he added after a while. "You can accompany him; no one will prevent you. I have spoken to Ojeda. I have taken one load off your mind. You see, Ara is the preserver of my life. I owe her great thanks, and therefore I bought for an absurd price a farm near San Domingo—only a quarter of an hour's walk from here; I will remain here as a settler, and Ara can remain with me. I have told her that you will come back again later, and she is willing to stay with me until then."

Marchena drew a breath of relief and pressed Castaneda's hand.

On the same day the three removed to the simple house, whose owner had already gone to the mines.

The Indian laborers surveyed their new master questioningly.

"Oh, I understand those looks," said Castaneda to Marchena; "but they need not fear me; the old Castaneda died in the wild, rocky ravine of the Gold Valley, and as long as I remain in Hispaniola I shall have but one ideal to which I shall aspire. You are this ideal, Marchena; I hope that, with God's help, the new Castaneda will succeed in winning the love of the savages."

These words expressed a deep earnestness and a firm, manly resolve; and greatly moved, Marchena fell upon the neck of the former *canaima*, and tears checked the words which he had on his lips.

Castaneda was right; no further harm was done Columbus in San Domingo. He had been put in chains, and robbed of all his estates, even of his papers. They kept him prisoner, and—well, they dealt graciously with him, for they spared his and his brother's lives.

The day of departure had come.

The *hidalgo* Alonso de Villejo appeared before the admiral, with his guard. Columbus had been so broken down by the disgrace heaped upon him that he even trembled for his life. At this moment he believed that his last hour had come.

"Villejo, where are you taking me?" he asked with a trembling voice.

"On board ship, to set sail!" replied the *hidalgo.*

The admiral gazed incredulously at the guard.

"To set sail?" he asked again. "Villejo, are you speaking the truth?"

So, loaded with chains, he walked through the streets of San Domingo, anxious for his life. The people who had assembled to watch the departure of the prisoner stood there silently. Even Columbus' most bitter enemies could not express aloud their disgraceful joy at this moment. The great discoverer's misery was so great that even those who hated him were touched at the sight.

So the great admiral of the ocean once more stood upon the deck of a Spanish ship, but not as commander, as was by rights his position, but as a state prisoner, with chains on his hands and feet.

The sailors who had grown gray in service were shocked at this sight; their hearts were not so hard as those of the officials on land.

The captain of the ship, Andreas Martin, approached the prisoner with respect, when they had weighed anchor, and wished to remove Columbus' chains, and Marchena's heart beat happily as he stood near by. But Columbus refused this

favor. "Spaniards shall see the disgrace which is my reward for my services," said he, bitterly.

Marchena turned away, his eyes filled with tears. Once he had admired the discoverer as a hero; now he appeared to him higher and better than a martyr.

The nearer they came to Spain, the more the hostility which the Spaniards felt toward the Genoese dwindled, and the captain, Andreas Martin, permitted Columbus, while on board, to send a letter to the prince's nurse, who was very influential at court; thus it happened that the king and queen learned the state of affairs from Columbus' pen before Bobadilla's hostile letter arrived. Columbus in chains! Such treatment seemed unworthy of the Crown. At the king's command, Columbus was immediately released from his chains, and treated with the honor due him. The king also sent him two thousand ducats, so that he might appear at court in a manner befitting his rank. When, on the 17th of December, he knelt before their Majesties, he could not speak for emotion. He was overwhelmed with distinctions, but his star had set, never to rise again. He still bore the title of viceroy, but he did not govern his land. The king himself was convinced that the great dis-

coverer had no talent for ruling, and in order to secure a better future for his colonies he appointed Spanish governors from that time.

The Ligurian never governed in Hispaniola again.

XIX.

Upon the veranda of a house near Palos sat a black-haired man, and gazed out upon the broad sea. The owner of this estate was Jacob de Marchena, the model landed proprietor of the neighborhood, and since two years the happy husband of Mercedes Hernandez. His Indian experiences were of no value to him on his estate, but he often thought of his former experiences, and even today, when the year 1504 was drawing to a close, his thoughts wandered to the savannas and mountains of Hispaniola.

What were his old acquaintances, Ara and Castaneda, doing now? He had never heard from them; Castaneda was no letter-writer. Marchena's thoughts were also occupied with another man. Columbus had gone on his fourth voyage three years before.

There had been great events in these years. The Portuguese had reached the true India in the year 1499, and the glory of Columbus' discoveries

began to wane. Gold came in but small quantities from the colonies, the spices which they sought were not to be found, while the ships of the Portuguese returned with large and valuable cargoes. Columbus was now on the way to reach the Portuguese India by a narrow channel which in his opinion lay between Cuba and Paria. Had he succeeded? In Spain, doubts were expressed as to the further results of the bold discoverer.

While Marchena meditated upon the events of the last year, the watch-dog began to bark, and the master perceived a man in sailor costume at the garden gate. The stranger greeted him, and stretched out his arms to Marchena. The latter sprang up, hurried to the gate, and clasped the man in his arms. "Castaneda, is it really you?" he cried.

Yes, it was Castaneda, weather-beaten and aged; a gray beard framed his face, and gray hair hung over his temples. Deep wrinkles were furrowed in his face and his brow. How blooming in comparison to his guest did the happy Marchena look!

But Castaneda did not come bowed down with care; his eyes sparkled calmly and happily, and his lips smiled. This man had won peace, and he was surely satisfied with the result of his life all

these years, although there was no gold in his pockets. With what joy this traveller was led into the beautiful house! How hospitably he was received, and how he was overwhelmed with questions! He must have had a hundred tongues to have answered them all.

"Wait, wait," he said to his friend; "I will tell you all in order, for I know what you are anxious to learn, and you can listen to my accounts quietly, for I have only good news for you. You will not be saddened. But where shall I begin?"

"Is Ara still alive?" asked Marchena.

"Oh, she is alive and happy! Yes, we will begin with her, the preserver of my life.

"When you left us, many hoped that a new era had dawned for Hispaniola under Francisco de Bobadilla; indeed, it was a new era. The confusion grew greater and greater. The Indians were more and more oppressed, murders and fights were frequent in the gold mines, and Bobadilla could scarcely keep the hostile parties in check in the city. During all this time I lived calmly in my *hacienda*, and devoted myself to the education of my great colored children. Ara was of as much help to me as though she had been a Spaniard.

"Then the new governor, Don Niedas de Ovanda, arrived. The oppressed ones fared better under

him. The Indians were at least granted their rights as men, and the Franciscans went to work energetically to convert the savages. Near San Domingo the first Christian Indian village was built. There our colored brethren lived calmly, unmolested by the Spaniards. This village was of great assistance to me. My people married among and associated with the Christians, and one day Ara knelt before me with a young Indian, just as once she had knelt with Henry before you in the moonlight, and I must give them my blessing. Father Hernandez married the couple; they went to live among the Christians, and my house was empty. What more had I to do? the object of my stay was accomplished. I had seen the preserver of my life provided for.

"Then a longing for my old home came over me, and I often went to the harbor to inquire when a vessel was to depart for Spain. The excellent opportunity presented itself: an entire fleet—more than twenty ships—was to sail back to Spain; I need wait but a week.

"Then another fleet arrived in the port, four not especially stately vessels—and to whom did they belong? Columbus. The news that the viceking had returned spread like magic through the city. Columbus prepared to land, but Ovanda

was anxious for the peace of the colony, and forbade him to approach. Columbus must therefore prepare to sail on.

"You know that formerly I was an enemy of the Ligurian, but now this inhospitable reception made me furious. Oh yes, one's judgment changes with time, and I do not know how it happened, but when I heard that Columbus was looking for several more sailors, I presented myself. I was the only one from the whole colony.

"Well, I had made no poor choice; on the king's fleet there had been no such select society. Ovanda sent back to Spain by it Messrs. Roldan and Bobadilla.

"The admiral was commanded to leave the harbor as soon as possible. He obeyed—he had to obey, but see how noble he was! Columbus understands astronomy. He found that Jupiter and the moon were in opposition, and the sun and Mercury in conjunction. From this he prophesied a storm, and he sent warning to Ovanda to delay the sailing of the fleet upon which his enemies Roldan and Bobadilla were. Ovanda paid no attention to the warning. He let the fleet sail, and, lo and behold! at the same time a fearful hurricane arose, the twenty ships were wrecked, and

Roldan and Bobadilla never were seen again. That was a judgment of God, Marchena.

"But we were under the protection of the Almighty. The admiral kept near the coast with his ships, and, although the storm raged fearfully, we did not lose a vessel, and not a single man. But our feelings were very painful. Imagine Columbus, forced to leave the safe harbor, and expose his ships to the wild storms of the ocean—he, Columbus, who had given this island, this harbor, this New World, to Spain.

"This New World, I said, and I do not exaggerate. Oh, what boundless tracts of land have we visited on this voyage, this fourth voyage of Columbus!

"We sailed ever toward the west, to find the strait, and finally we came to a large, new island, Guanaja. A magnificent pine forest shaded it, so that we named it Isla de Pinos. Here we met traders who had come from the north. But these were no savages like the Caribs or the Indians of Hispaniola. They had shields of brass, finely fashioned knives of bright, opaque stone, beautifully carved, wooden and marble tools, and vari-colored cotton coverlets. We asked where they came from, and to this day I regret that the admiral was unwilling to sail there,

for in the land of the Maya* we would surely have found a great kingdom. But the admiral wished to reach the gulf of Bengal, and so we steered toward the south to seek the strait.

"Such storms as burst upon us there, none of us had ever experienced before. We were ill, weary, and oppressed; the admiral, too, lay ill in a cabin, and from there directed the course of the vessel.

"But once did I hear him complain. 'For years,' he cried, 'have I served Spain, and up to this time I have won nothing. I have not even a roof to shelter my head in Castile, but must live in taverns, without knowing how I shall pay my bills!' Yes, yes, the admiral has been ill repaid for the hardships which he has endured. He who has taken part in these voyages of discovery can alone appreciate him justly!"

He was silent awhile, then he continued:

"We found lands rich in gold, far richer than Hispaniola. Richest of all is Veragua, a land which must lie upon a peninsula, for we learned that a few days' journey inland brings one to another coast, to another sea. It must be a peninsula such as Spain or Italy, and what can it be but the golden Chersones?"

Thus Castaneda gave Columbus' opinion of the

* The present Yucatan.

form of Central America, which in this voyage he had discovered; then he continued his account:

"We also heard of a mighty people who wear armor like ours, and possess great ships. We wished to found a settlement in Veragua, but the Indians were too hostile. Many of our men had fallen in conflict with them, and even the admiral's brother had been in great danger of his life. He had intrenched himself upon the shore, and as there was a furious storm raging we could send him no assistance from the ship. The admiral was ill, himself; he was suffering with fever, and wrung his hands in desperation. Then as he broke down helplessly upon his bed, a mild voice said to him consolingly: 'Why do you waver in your belief in God? What more did he for Moses or for his servants of old than he has done for you? Since your birth he has taken the greatest care of you. When you became of the age fixed by him, he let your name echo all over the world. He gave you India, the richest quarter of the globe; you divided it as you wished. You received from him the keys of the ocean, which formerly had been bound with thick chains. Your authority was obeyed in unbounded countries, and you have won immortal fame among the Christians. What more did he for the people of

Israel when he led them out of Egypt, and for David, whom he raised from the estate of a shepherd to the throne of Judea? Return to your God, acknowledge at last your error; his compassion is unbounded. Your age will not prevent you from accomplishing great deeds. He holds in his hand the most splendid inheritances. Speak; who has humbled you so often and so deeply—God or the world? God always keeps his promises. Fear nothing. Take courage.'

"He told us this, and we took courage. We at last succeeded in rescuing Señor Bartholomew. But how our ships had been damaged by the storm! how worm-eaten, leaky, and rotten they were! We could not think of sailing farther toward the new sea. We must return and strive to reach the Antilles.

"And now hear of Columbus' last return voyage, the most desperate of all sea voyages. Two ships we were forced to abandon, so greatly were they injured, and so with the two others we set sail for the island of Jamaica. But the wind drove us too far to the west, and so we came among that group of islands which on his first voyage, Columbus had called the Islands of the Queen, as they presented such a beautiful appearance under the blue sky. But this time no

favorable star shone above us; the heavens were gloomy and covered with clouds; for six days the wind howled and the sea was rough; then a storm burst loose as though the end of the world had come. The anchor chains broke, and we finally had upon the admiral's ship but a single anchor, next to God our sole safeguard. At length the sea grew calmer. We could unfurl our sails, and steered toward Hispaniola. In our present condition they would surely receive us, for we were as good as shipwrecked. Our ships were like honeycomb--everywhere water penetrated. The men were desperate, hopeless; we daily and hourly faced death. Of what avail were all our efforts? With the weather-beaten ships we could not fight the sea, so must let ourselves drift, and wind and currents drifted us to Jamaica.

"The water grew deeper and deeper in the hold, the pumps were worked incessantly, but the water ascended. Then all used pots and kettles to bail out the water, but the ships sank deeper and deeper. Ah, how happy we were when we at last espied a harbor; we called it Santa Gloria, and the admiral ordered the two ships ashore here at a favorable place.

"So there we were fast aground; only the bow reached out of water; here we established ourselves

comfortably, built huts, and thus had two water fortresses in which we could defy hostile Indians.

"Do you remember with what joy we bought the Indian potatoes in Isabella? Here also, on the shore of Jamaica, we were dependent upon the Indians, for our supplies were lost—lay in salt water. So we were forced to seek out the savages and beg food of them. I went on shore with a party. I walked from village to village. I formed alliances with the red chiefs; for trifles and ornaments I purchased a boat, and brought manioca bread and fish to the bay of Santa Gloria.

"Here we were to remain like prisoners for an entire year. From whence could we hope for rescue? Scarcely from the governor Ovando alone, from our hostile colony of San Domingo.

"There were some courageous men who wished to row there in the frail barks of the savages. They did so! In mere nutshells they crossed the ocean. For five days and five nights they rowed continually. They were no common sailors; they were heroes, led by the brave Mendez.

"They met Ovando in the region of Jaragua. They begged, they implored. In vain! The governor would bring no help. Oh, he was cautious; he feared that Columbus had planned some

strategy, so as to be allowed to set foot on the soil of Hispaniola, and stir up revolt in the colony.

"At length he relented, and sent a ship to Jamaica to investigate our situation. Oh, he had chosen an excellent investigator. He was that Escobar whom you know, Roldan's bosom friend. He saw our condition. But he remained scarcely a day, and sailed away after promising to send a larger ship, as he could not take all the shipwrecked people with him on his small one.

"We should all have starved had not the admiral's wisdom saved us. The Indians grumbled: why should they feed strangers? They simply refused to supply us with any more provisions. But Columbus knew that on the 29th of February, 1504, an eclipse of the moon would occur. Like a priest of old, he went among the Indians and threatened them with the anger of the God of the heavens, who would turn his radiant face away from them if they did not give to the white children of the sun the tribute due them. And the prophecy was fulfilled: the face of the moon was darkened, and the Indians came and implored the mighty magician for pardon.

"But worse than the Indians were the Spaniards themselves. Common need should draw men together, should strengthen them in unity,

but there are scoundrels who, even in need, follow their avaricious aims. Such scoundrels were the brothers Francisco and Diego Porras. They induced forty-eight men to leave the ships with them, and began to oppress the Indians. In vain were they warned that in peaceful intercourse with the savages lay our only safety. They settled upon the coast, doubtless with the intention of overpowering the rescuing ship when it should arrive.

"There was nothing left for us but to subdue the mutineers, and so we advanced against them under the lead of the brave *adelantado* Bartholomew Columbus. You are surprised, Marchena? Yes, I was in the foremost rank, I the former enemy of the Ligurian; I would have shed my blood for him. With Christopher Columbus I had sailed, and 'For Christopher Columbus!' was now my motto. It was on the 19th of May, 1504, that Spaniards, fighting against Spaniards, shed Spanish blood in the New World. We came off victorious, and took Francisco Porras captive; the rest surrendered their arms and vowed fidelity afresh.

"At length, at length, on the 28th of June we discovered a white sail on the horizon. A ship approached. Ovando had at length taken pity

upon the shipwrecked men, we thought. But no! The colony which Christopher Columbus had founded, the city which his brother Bartholomew had built, did not send us help. It was a ship which the faithful Diego Mendez, after long months, had at length been able to purchase in the colony, with the last money of the admiral.

"We now sailed to San Domingo, but we were made to feel that our admiral had no authority here. The governor Ovando ordered the chains removed from the mutinous Porras, whom we wished to bring chained before the bar of Spanish justice.

"We remained in San Domingo for a month. I looked up Ara; she lives contentedly in her village, although the Christianity of these people has become very Indian. They live unenlightened, for better laborers have been found for the oceanic India—negro slaves are now brought across the sea.

"We left the New World which had showed itself so ungrateful to us. Yesterday we arrived in Cadiz. We bring news of vast tracts of land, of rivers and mountains rich in gold; vague accounts of mighty peoples, who vie with us in culture. But how the times have changed! Ships come and go across the ocean now; in twelve years

the great novelty has become old. No one asks for us; we are coolly received, for we brought no gold with us; our treasures rest at the bottom of the sea, in the bay of Santa Gloria. And Columbus landed, sick and miserable. No honors were heaped upon him; he went out of the gates of the city almost unknown, the poor shipwrecked man! He intends to beg the king for the fulfilment of his rights; for part of the gold belongs to him, in accordance with the king's own letters; but he goes there without much hope of success, for his noble friend Queen Isabella lies very ill—her life is feared for."

Castaneda was silent and looked at Marchena, who sat there absorbed in thought, and wiped tears from his eyes. He smiled sadly and added:

"You were an enthusiastic admirer of his, Marchena, but you did not know him. You saw him at the summit of his fortune, and in the time when the halo of a martyr surrounded his head, but you did not learn to know him in the hour of danger. Between Columbus and the other great men and navigators of our time, there is a great difference. Vasco da Gama, who reached India by circumnavigating Africa, is a true admiral and commander; Ojeda, a brave stormer and inciter to action; Ovando a calm, wise statesman; they

all cleave to the earth, and reckon from day to day. Columbus is not of this kind. He gazes into the future like a prophet; he comes upon mighty rivers and thinks of Paradise, and remodels the shape of the earth; he finds rich lands, but he does not tarry in them; he would like to secure them for himself, so that he may leave an inheritance for his children, but the profits of these territories acquired cannot occupy him entirely; his mind carries him away; he has explored the ocean and that does not satisfy him—he wishes to circumnavigate the globe! What no one else has accomplished before him he has accomplished; but he wishes to surpass himself, and achieve yet greater results. That is his misfortune; for the world, bent only on profit, does not understand him.

"They say he is grasping, but he is at war with himself. He wishes to be rich, to possess gold, for this is the means for further exploring; but although he has discovered gold mines he does not stoop to them. He goes, he sails farther, to explore the earth. And I believe he will not long rest; he will again cross the ocean, until he has sailed from east to west around the world. That is, if he is fortunate at court," Castaneda added slowly, "for he has returned poor—as poor as I am!"

The two old comrades had much to say to each other of other old friends and of their experiences, and time passed rapidly. But when evening approached, Castaneda rose and said:

"I must go, Marchena—God brought me safely to Spain, and I must fulfil the vow which I made in the terrible Gold Valley. I must go up to the cloister and ask Father Juan if he can receive me."

"You, Castaneda! You really wish to renounce the world?" asked Marchena, in surprise.

"What do you say?" replied Castaneda, smilingly. "Renounce the world? No; renounce only the joys and vain pleasures of this world, and instead take up the burden of duty which brings us true happiness. Marchena, I tell you the New World, which Columbus discovered, conceals more gold than we all think, and streams of blood will flow for this gold. Knights and adventurers will go there to fight for it, but we must seek to alleviate this distress, while we plant the cross, and give protection to all those who seek it under the shade of the cross. Not a grain of glittering gold have I brought with me from the New World, but with God's help I will carry back to the New World the true gold, the Word of the Gospel. Father Juan will surely instruct me in the works

of God. And when the time is up, when I receive consecration, then I shall say farewell to my Spanish home—farewell forever—and will end my days among the savages."

A few minutes after, the bearded sailor descended the hill upon the summit of which stood the cloister. His features expressed devout seriousness as he rang the bell at the gate and announced himself to the prior.

Night had long since descended, but the stranger did not leave the cloister again. A lamp still burned in the prior's room. He had had a long, long talk with his guest, had tried with all the arts of persuasion to dissuade him from his purpose, but Castaneda remained true to his resolve; and so Father Juan rose and clasped the future brother in his arms and begged God's blessing for him and his difficult work.

XX.

A YEAR had passed. In the cloister garden of Palos, the prior walked up and down with the novice Antonio, in the shade of the chestnut-trees. The prior had been to court, and had much to tell the former Indian traveller.

"It is indeed strange, Antonio," said he. "At first we believed that Columbus had been before the Portuguese, but that is certainly not the case. The Spanish ships which sail to our Indies bring back neither nutmegs nor cinnamon, and indeed these spices do not seem to grow at all on the islands and mainland of Columbus. But the Portuguese ships bring a quantity of wares which from of old we have procured from the Orient, and thither flock all the merchants of the world. Portugal cannot supply ships enough. Italians, even Germans from the far north, come to Lisbon to sail for India under the Portuguese flag. This greatly disturbs the Court. We have a vice-kingdom of India, but it is scarcely the true India

which the Moors visit. There are men at court who secretly give expression to these doubts. But they are not publicly discussed, so that the value of the new possessions may not decrease in the eyes of the world."

"And what says Columbus to this?" asked Brother Antonio.

"Columbus!" replied the prior. "There is no longer anything said of him. They are greatly occupied with another navigator, also of Italian origin, the Florentine Americus Vespucius. He has gone farther south than any one before him, and he has discovered limitless lands. He publicly declares that he has found a new, a fourth portion of the globe. He calls it the New World, for there are upon it as numerous people and as rich an animal world as in the Old World, even if the animals and men differ greatly from these."

"That probably disturbs Columbus greatly?" asked Antonio Castaneda.

"Not at all," replied the prior. "Americus Vespucius has had sad experiences with the Portuguese, in whose service he was, and so he met Columbus as a companion in misery. Yes, he even negotiated for Columbus at court."

"Does then the admiral wish to undertake a new voyage?"

"Oh, he can no longer think of such a thing. The man is ill, broken; he now seeks merely to defend his rights before the Crown. He desires that he and his sons be reinstated in the dignity of viceroy, and that the income due him from India be paid him. He has very great claims upon the Crown, and that is his misfortune. At the time of his arrest by Bobadilla alone, sixty thousand gold pesos were stolen from him. But now he is poor, and, as he says in his letter, lives on credit."

"And the Crown permits that?" cried Antonio, horrified. "Oh, if Queen Isabella still lived, Columbus need not want. But what he has said is true. He has not even a roof to shelter his head in Castile, and does not know how he shall pay his bills!"

"Well, that is partly his own fault," said the prior. "He is obstinate, and persists in his viceroyalty. He was offered a handsome property in Castile for his claims, but he refused it. You can imagine that now the king's councillors are very slow with his affairs. It would have probably been wiser for him to consent to the offer. He could have ended his days in peace."

"I can understand him," said Antonio. "He wishes his rights, and does not wish to injure his

fame. He believes in the future of India, and wishes to save his dignities for his children. But tell me, Father Juan, what news is there of Hispaniola?" he continued.

"One hears good and bad news from there," replied the prior. "Ovando sends good reports: the colony is growing stronger, and will gradually become self-supporting; but terrible news also comes. A young priest—Las Casas is his name—complains of the Spaniard's ferocity. It has been forbidden to sell the Indians as slaves, and they are to be forced to work in the service of the Crown alone, but the persecutions of the poor creatures do not cease. Only a short time ago, Ovando had eighty-four of them burned to death."

"And how about the negroes; are they no longer taken to Hispaniola? They could better do the work on the plantations."

"Oh, yes; it has been estimated that they need for the colonies some four thousand negro slaves. Until now the Genoese have engaged in this human trade along the west coast of Africa; but they cannot supply so many, and so they have sold to the Flemish the sole right for eight years to the slave trade, for twenty-seven thousand ducats!"

"Four thousand negro slaves!" said Antonio sadly. "Four thousand human beings forcibly

carried away from their homes! A new misery will ensue thereby! The Christians engage in this human bartering! O God, in what times we live!"

"Yes," replied the prior, "the world is rough and hard. Evil never ceases; but shall we therefore despair? It is your duty, Antonio, to strive with all your might to convert men to good. In the New World also will you find a rich field for your activity."

It was in the autumn of 1506. A Franciscan monk, in the brown robe of his order, stood at the garden gate of Marchena's home. It was our old friend Castaneda, now Brother Antonio. He came to take leave of Marchena—leave forever—for he was going to the New World, there to end his life in pious works.

The hours of the last sad farewell passed slowly away. At last the monk could be detained no longer. "I must go to Seville," he said; "there in the vicinity, Columbus lives—in Valladolid, I believe. I must see him before I leave Spain; I must receive from him a blessing upon my work!"

"Assure him of my sincere regard," said Marchena. "His suit against the court is proceeding more favorably, I believe; that will make him happy in his old days!"

The monk went. A long, long journey stood before him ere he would reach Valladolid. At last he presented himself in the cloister there, which also belonged to the Franciscans. They received the brother hospitably, as was the custom, and the prior there rejoiced when he heard that Antonio wished to embark in San Lucas de Barrameda, to preach the gospel in the New World.

"But I have an important errand in the city here," said Brother Antonio; "can you not tell me where the admiral of the ocean, and viceroy of India—where Christopher Columbus—lives?"

Then the prior folded his hands and said: "Let us pray for him, Antonio! He lives where we all will one day live. His mortal frame rests in our vault, and his soul has entered into the Paradise of the Lord; for in our arms he breathed away his life, and 'Lord, into thy hands I commend my spirit' were his last words."

At this Castaneda broke down, and covered his face. "Columbus dead!" he cried, filled with grief, "and no one in the world speaks of it; even in Palos, where once he was received with the ringing of bells, not even a mass is said for his soul. He must have died very recently?"

The prior shook his head. "No," he replied, "months have passed since he died. It was on

the 20th of May, on Ascension Day, of the year 1506, in a small house in the city, that he closed his eyes for rest everlasting. He has won much honor, but suffered still more misery. The world always turns its back upon the setting star—that is its way; then comes posterity and pronounces just judgment."

For a long time Castaneda could not control himself. He went into the cloister where among the dead brethren the great admiral rested, and prayed beside his coffin. No marble tablet with golden letters marked the spot where the great discoverer of the New World rested. Then Castaneda walked through the streets of the city, and remained for some time in the low room of the little house in which Christopher Columbus had passed his last hours.

What a tragic destiny was that which unrolled itself before the eyes of the now so serious Brother Antonio! The Franciscans of Rábida had received the hungry man. They had been the means of his crossing the unfathomable ocean in his bold voyage, of his triumphal procession through Spain, and then the same honored hero returned in chains to the unthankful land, and died almost forgotten by the world.

Brother Antonio left Valladolid and went to

the harbor of Seville, to San Lucas de Barrameda. He went, not bowed down, but strengthened, for he told himself: "One must renounce the vanities of this world, and work not for the sake of earthly reward. If one does good for good's sake, one need fear no disappointments."

The world had forgotten Columbus! When two years later Jobst Ruchhammer finished his work, "Unknown Lands," he knew nothing of the death of Columbus, and wrote that he was still living in honor at the Spanish court "at the present day."

Not until later in history was Columbus' greatness recognized. His son found favor at court, and was acknowledged viceroy of India; and as Columbus had expressed a wish to be buried in San Domingo, on Hispaniola or Hayti, his body was taken to Seville. His coffin was then decorated with the motto which was later added to the family coat of arms:

"Á Castilla y á Leon
Nuevo mundo dió Colon."

(To Castile and Leon Columbus gave a New World.)

But only after centuries were the remains of the admiral brought to Hayti, and placed in the

cathedral at San Domingo. But they were not to rest even here.

In the year 1795, when the Spaniards surrendered San Domingo to the French, and the Spanish admiral, Don Gabriel d'Artizabel, wished at least not to surrender to them the ashes of the man who had done so much for Spain, he had the vault opened, and the ship *San Lorenzo* brought Columbus' remains to Havana, where they were laid to rest in the cathedral there with all due ceremony, on the 19th of January, 1796.

Much later the city of his birth, Genoa, built a monument to the great discoverer. The fame of Columbus' only became general when, through the further exploring expeditions of Balboa, Cortez, Pizarro, and Magellan, the greatness of his discoveries was recognized; after the European emigrants to the New World had founded a state which in its enormous development seemed much more wonderful than the kingdoms of China and Japan, which Marco Polo described so glowingly, and which Columbus had wished to reach.

Those who went with Columbus acquired little honor, and for the most part died poor. Alonso de Ojeda undertook expeditions to the north coast of South America, discovered Venezuela, but could not maintain his position there.

But a curse seemed to rest upon Hayti. It was always the scene of bloody conflicts—this land in which the Spaniards founded their first settlement, and to which the first black slaves were brought from Africa. A curse rested upon the land from which Columbus was taken away in chains.

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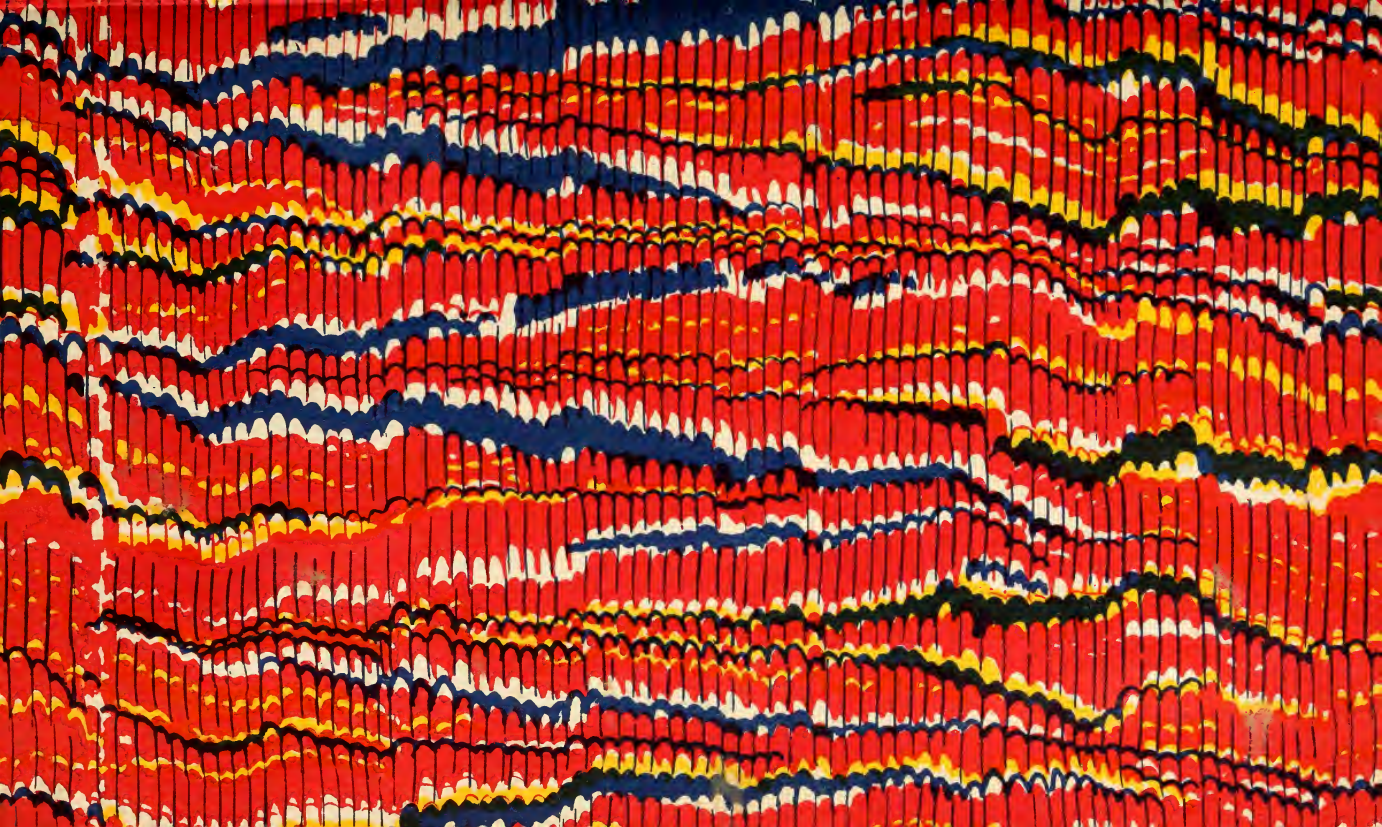
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